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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Uses of Adversity

Taking the Living the World Owes You

By Grover Cleveland

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IT CAN hardly be admitted as a general proposition that adversity is a desirable companion. Inasmuch, however, as it cannot be shaken off, but constantly claims joint world-occupancy with us, a philosophical effort has been made to find some factor of compensation in its unpleasing familiarity. This effort has led to the adoption in certain quarters of the poet's formulation, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." These words seem to have in themselves a kind of soothing sound, derived perhaps from their association with their subject-matter. They invite us to the belief that though adversity wounds, it also heals; and they enjoin upon us submissive faith in its chastening, purifying and elevating effect on the human heart and soul. Thus those who are in grief and distress are tenderly reminded, for their solace and comfort, that the trials afflicting them not only have their sweet uses, but are visited upon them for their actual good and improvement.

It is apparent that this theory is based upon the idea that through adversity something greatly desired has been denied to us, or something we have already gained has been destroyed or lost; and that whatever compensation is available to us in such circumstances must be found in our contemplation and realization of adversity's sweet uses. While by this mode of reckoning we charge in the account kept of human happenings a heavy debt of evil against adversity, the offsets predicated upon its sweet uses are in spite of all our efforts grudgingly and sparingly allowed.

We need not quarrel with the conception enjoined upon us of the behavior and mission of adversity—unless it is intended as exclusive of every other attribute and function. If, however, such an exclusion is insisted on, we have the right to protest against it as partial and unfair.

In justice and truth it cannot be said that the nature of adversity is necessarily and altogether malign and destructive, save as it may be modified by a single endurable feature dimly seen through the tears of grief, by the light of a submissive faith in Divine tenderness and loving-kindness. It has, on the contrary, a distinct constructive use and an inherent upbuilding force which should not be ignored. These are exhibited in every field where the best qualities of man's heart and brain are developed and made strong. Where the stress of human effort is most severe and painful, they inspire by wholesome opposition and strengthen by attack and stern struggle. In this view, and in this relationship with the world's strenuous endeavor, if adversity needs an excuse for its existence or a plea for the pardon of its offenses, there are thousands of successful men and women who stand ready to speak in its defense and to testify to its beneficial purpose.

No young man should wistfully look ahead at the bright awards of a grand career and allow himself to be prevented from entering the race for their possession by adverse surroundings. Of course there may be conditions of his own mind or character that absolutely and unrelentingly close the door upon him. If he is infirm in resolution, deficient in self-reliant perseverance, lacking in courageous ambition, or generally weak in disposition, he should cease the contemplation of a high career and fix his eye on something lower and less difficult. Ease may bring to such a man contentment; but neither ease nor adversity will make him great. To those who are courageous, self-reliant, determined and constant it is given to soar high, as they breast the keen wind of adversity; and for them there is nothing more exhilarating and stimulating than to see threatening circumstances gathering in their path, and to feel the joyous thrill that gives the signal for a confident rush against them.

Of the many elements that enter into the composition of adversity, poverty may well be regarded as the most prominent and pronounced. Is it a mere coincidence that the life story of many a successful and useful man—in business and in every noble calling and profession—begins with the statement that his parents were poor, or that he was a poor boy? It may not be that such conditions and success always stand in the relationship of cause and effect; but they certainly appear to be quite intimate associates. There is surely no development of mental traits, and no stimulation of the forces of true manhood, so thorough and so imperiously effective as those produced by the combination of well-regulated ambition with the healthful rigors of poverty.

Of the traits thus developed, the most important is a persistency that will not be denied—in a large measure the result of well-fought battles and successful struggles. This persistency may reach a point where those heedless of their words will call it stubbornness. But call it what we will, it is, when properly and reasonably guided, the best single help adversity contributes to the attainment of success. This may be illustrated by a short story within my personal knowledge. I knew a young man who when quite young determined to acquire a college education and enter the legal profession. The door to a college education was, however, inexorably closed against him; but, instead of abandoning his plan entirely, he at once set his heart on studying law without collegiate training. When it soon appeared that even this must be postponed he quite cheerfully set about finding any kind of honest work that would enable him in the mean time to gain a living. He had not the least doubt but such employment would finally be forthcoming, nor did he doubt that if he once had a foothold on the ladder of work his cherished plan could eventually be carried out and that his success in life would surely follow. But the chance he sought for work was not immediately in sight. So after an unsuccessful quest for employment near home he started for the West. He still kept safely tucked away his determination at some time and place to study law. He had adversity in abundance. He had also plenty of willingness to work, plenty of faith, and a fair stock of perseverance in reserve; and he had no misgivings. By the merest chance his journey to the West was interrupted by the offer of a temporary job, coupled with the promise that when it was finished he should be aided in securing an opportunity to work and study in a law office. After a time that seemed terribly long he was handed Blackstone's Commentaries and turned loose to browse in the library of a law office. He knew his career had then begun, and all the king's horses could not draw him away from it. When on the first day of his study all the partners and clerks forgot he was in a corner of the library and locked him in during the dinner hour, he merely said to himself, "Some day I'll be better remembered." There were, of course, some inconveniences and self-sacrifices that adversity put in his way during those student days; but he actually enjoyed them all, and kept right on in a good-natured, defiant and determined fashion. Even then he was called stubborn by some of his few acquaintances; but he and I both think we can detect in his case some symptoms of self-reliance and perseverance. It is, of course, barely possible there was also a slight trace of stubbornness. At any rate, after he had gained fair rewards at the bar and had become President of the United States, he was still called stubborn; and he is accused of stubbornness to this very day. I am not sure that this illustration of success resulting from persistent determination is remarkably apt—that is, if we are to believe all we read in the newspapers—for sometimes when he and I have learned from this infallible source how dreadfully this stubborn man behaved when President, and have recalled the relation of his law studies to his depravity, we have wondered if he would not have been more respectable and our country more fortunate if he had been in those early days less persistent and stubborn in the pursuit of his purpose.

However that may be, the story shall stand as it is written and pass for what it may be worth. With a slight filling in of detail, however, it might profitably be used to illustrate the further very vital proposition, that if we win any benefit from adversity it cannot be by persuasion, nor by finesse, nor by pleas for mercy, but only by downright fighting. And once entered upon, this fight must be continued to a finish. Our struggle is not with a thing of mere passive resistance, but with an active, aggressive antagonist, who will give blows as well as take them. We may be sure, however, that if we enter the contest in proper spirit and disposition we shall know the joy of conscious strength, and the inspiration of assured triumph, to be followed by the delight of a new and more confident defiance of all hostile conditions. It is equally certain that those who, unprepared and heedless of its dangers, rush into the strife, are of all men most miserable—for their overthrow will be complete and irredeemable. Thus adversity yields to the resolute and well equipped the joy of overcoming and the exultation of added strength, but visits upon the weak and careless ruinous defeat and the despair of destroyed hopes.

No defense of adversity against unmitigated condemnation can be made upon the theory that it is affirmatively a friend of mankind. It is an opponent—an ever-ready and ever-lurking opponent—but one from which we may extort benefit by successful battle. Obstacles and hindrances do not willingly lead the way to achievement nor draw us up toward success; but when put beneath our feet they may become vantage points from which to see the path, or stepping-stones to aid us in a hard ascent. Adversity should not be courted. It is not absolutely essential to success; but, if by fate we encounter it, we should neither fear its forbidding visage nor ignore its harmful power.

It would be manifestly absurd to intimate that none but those who have successfully fought with adversity are among the chosen favorites of fortune and success. Every rank of life's useful industry contains a large contingent who have achieved high ends and wrought splendid results without ever having known adversity. We do not reckon among these the especially gifted, nor the fortunate ones whom genius has peculiarly endowed. We only have to do with those of ordinary and average mental equipment. When such as these reach lofty heights without the strengthening and developing stimulus of adversity, we cannot withhold our admiration for the brave efforts which, without the spur of a necessary struggle with external forces, have overcome the listlessness and slothful inclinations of easy surroundings.

It must be admitted, however, that, after full recognition of the honor due to those who have broken away from the temptations of ease, the banner for the most valuable accomplishments in the field of the world's activity must be awarded to the graduates of the hard school where, by keen contests with adversity, the power of will and the vigor of self-reliant persistency are trained and developed. This proposition is justified not only by the preponderating number of these graduates among those who give push and movement to great enterprises, and direct and regulate the currents of the world's business, but by the further fact that the momentum of effort gained by hard training, together with the constant goading of necessity, impel such graduates to a long continuance of work, an assiduous interest and participation in the affairs of life, and a lively anxiety for their extension and betterment. It must be conceded that these give a better guaranty of usefulness than is promised by the success attained without rugged contest, and which constantly invites indulgence in tranquillity and comfort.

It sometimes seems as though successful struggle with difficulties gave rise to a kind of arrogance on the part of the victorious toward those in easier condition, and a depreciation approaching contempt for education and every other broadening and refining advantage. So far as this arrogance is an outgrowth of envy it is ungenerous and self-debasing; and if such depreciation and contempt springs from bravado or recklessness, it cannot be too soon corrected. The battle with adversity is waged not only to vanquish an antagonist standing in the way, but for the fullest enjoyment of the results of victory; and those results will be larger, better and more satisfying as the capacity to profitably and rationally utilize them is increased. The riches of an ignorant man can easily make more prominent his mortifying deficiencies; and the coarse and boorish man with wealth is crippled in his social privileges, and often banished to the dreadful companionship of sordidness and greed. There is never yet a victor over adverse circumstances who was not a better victor on all grounds, if he had acquired as much education and as much social and moral cultivation as came within his reach. If the lack of these is caused by unavoidable or excusable privation, and if the disadvantages resulting from this lack are borne in a modest, manly manner, they need not cause any diminution of the respect and esteem otherwise deserved. But different treatment will be accorded those who, with disgusting pride and a vulgar display of riches, openly make a virtue of their ignorance, and mock at the restraints and amenities of decent social association. Fighting qualities we must have if we would conquer adversity; but there is no danger that they will be weakened or diluted by their association with educational opportunities and refining influences.

The consideration of our topic cannot be better concluded than by a few words suggestive of the kind of success most worthy of struggle and effort. The best quality of success is not oftenest found in relationship with affairs ordinarily considered the most practical and material. The strife to put one's self in the way of acquiring a fortune, and gaining popular praise and adulation, or power, or even fame, involves an element of self-seeking and selfishness which cannot fail to cheapen the heroism of the struggle. The young man who engages in the fight with difficulties for the purpose of acquiring riches may become a new and important recruit in the busy forces that create and increase the vast volume of the world's progress and greatness; he may be charitable and may devote a fair share of his wealth to the amelioration of distress and the relief of destitution; and his career may fittingly illustrate the helpful uses of adversity. These things are by no means to be depreciated. But the young man who enters upon the contest for the sole purpose of fitting himself for a life that will be useful and valuable to others; who loves success only as a means of doing good, and who sees as the pleasant fruit of victory an increased opportunity for leading his fellow-men to a higher plane of conduct, and to a purer moral and mental atmosphere, will achieve a career free from any taint of selfishness, and whose grandeur will shine as a bright light guiding those who seek self-sacrificing human virtue, and making manifest every feature of the sweet uses of adversity.

"Pulls" in Politics *By* Bird S. Coler

Comptroller of the City of New York

IT MAY seem a paradox, but it is a fact, that many of the gravest abuses under corrupt city governments grow out of the manifestations of two of the best traits of human nature: friendship and gratitude. A city officer, whose personal honesty is above suspicion, if a kind-hearted and generous man, naturally feels grateful to the men who helped him into office. One of the first problems that he will set up for himself will be the finding of a way to help such men without injuring the city. He must find a way or lose his political friends. Other men in public life, equally honest, perhaps, always leave a little slack in the line that divides official duty and personal friendship.

The genesis of the word "pull," as applied in politics, is uncertain, but it possibly developed from the constant swaying back and forth, mostly forth, of this dividing line. Men are favored by appointment to office, by contracts, by special privileges, and by the various tricks of partiality in government, because of personal friendships. The use or abuse of these personal relations by the favored individuals constitutes a "pull." From the standpoint of human sentiment there may be some defense of the practice. From the viewpoint of capable official honesty there is none. The city officer who spends the money of the municipality, or controls any division of the power of government that may be used to favor or oppress a single citizen, requires a heart of flint and nerves of steel, combined with quick and keen intelligence, if he would remain faithful to the letter and spirit of his oath and duty. He must, before he takes office, draw taut the line between public right and private favor, and he will need to tighten it again and again as it is pounded slack by the persistent beating against it of importunity.

The Temptation to Favor Friends

It is so easy to favor a friend without breaking a law that the temptation to do so is often irresistible. The true history of every great outbreak of corruption and dishonesty in the government of American cities is the story of personal friendships gone wrong. Every man possessing enough ability, political skill or personal popularity to enable him to obtain a city office of power and responsibility has some close, personal friends. He wants to help them in some way and they in turn want to help their friends. If the officer can make appointments to other places in the public service he can always find a way to take care of some of those who have helped him. If he has no appointments he may control the purchase of supplies or the award of contracts. In that event he will be, as a rule, on the alert to exercise a partiality which he may honestly believe is harmless. It is so easy for a public officer to say that he favors his friends with public purchases and contracts only when all the conditions are equal and the interests of the city cannot suffer.

Under ordinary political or civic conditions in our large cities the man who can claim personal acquaintance with a public officer is usually eager to obtain every possible advantage for himself and his associates through that relationship. The smallest favor is accepted and paraded as proof of the existence of a "pull." The man who can obtain something for some other man through the medium of friendship with a public officer thereby becomes, in popular estimation, a person of some importance. People seeking the favors, rewards or exemptions of friendly government search out and cultivate the man with a "pull" that they may use him to help themselves. It often happens that the outside man comes to be looked upon as the real power in the conduct of public affairs. His reputation, however, is usually measured by his accomplishments, and that fact makes him bold to importune unceasingly for more and greater favors.

The city officer having granted one favor to friendship, finds it doubly hard to refuse the second request. The influence grows and spreads, fattening on the favors upon which it feeds. Every "pull" is a Upas tree in the field of honest politics and upright city government. It is so easy to find equality or advantage in the bid of a friendly contractor; better goods or equal prices in the offer of an agent who is a personal acquaintance; and, until corruption becomes flagrant, the public cannot disprove the decision.

The existence of "pull," friendship or personal favor in the arrangement of any financial transaction of a municipal government invariably suggests fraud or dishonesty. The business may be fair for the city and honest on the part of all concerned, but public suspicion will be aroused and the influence of the "pull" becomes the miasma of corruption in the body politic. When the public know that one man has obtained an advantage over another through personal friendship or political power, scores, hundreds, then thousands of men struggle to touch the mainspring of this powerful force.

Why People Will Pay for "Pulls"

The influence of "pull" is not only bad but far-reaching, and it appeals strongly to the weakest side of human nature. It is well known that there are persons in the world who will spend $10 or more to obtain, free of charge, a pass to a place of amusement for which a ticket could be purchased for two dollars or less. The same incomprehensible principle develops as one of the first evil results of the "pull" in politics and city affairs. Men seeking position in politics and public business will spend extravagantly—often dishonestly—to obtain the questionable and usually transient notoriety of being classed as "a man of influence at headquarters and the City Hall." The most charitable view of the action is that it is an outburst of human vanity gone mad.

Whenever in the conduct of the business of city government a man receives a favor for personal reasons, or as a reward for personal service, there is no such thing as keeping the fact secret. Knowledge that special advantages may be obtained travels fast in politics and public life, leaving behind a trail of evil influence. When men know that valuable favors are dispensed they will soon convert public offices into a market place of corruption if left unrestrained. What they cannot obtain by personal favor they will buy and pay for if the price leaves a margin of profit over honest competition.

The evil influence of "pulls" and the knowledge of "pulls" are so contagious and far-reaching that it is difficult to isolate or combat them. Once the impression that favors may be obtained as personal rewards becomes rooted in the public mind the entire administration of a city is discredited. One ignorant, weak or corrupt place-holder may ruin the reputation of a municipal government. The evil influence is harmful beyond the actual business transactions of a municipality. The impression created in the public mind tends to destroy civic pride and debase citizenship. When it is understood that the favors of government are to be bestowed upon a fortunate few the natural impulse of the voters is to cast their votes for the man who promises to obtain the largest rewards for his followers, his district or his ward. The public conception of city government quickly degenerates into a conviction that it is merely a friendly division of the spoils of office. When public opinion reaches that stage official corruption will follow as naturally as night follows day.

No matter how honest and well meaning intentions may be on both sides, whenever it is known to the public that one man can obtain consideration beyond his fellows at the hands of city office-holders, there will always be plenty of unscrupulous persons ready to bid high for the aid of the "pull." It is like placing temptation before a child, and the end will be moral ruin of tempted and tempter.

There is only one remedy that will effectually check the spread of the evil influence of personal and political favoritism in municipal government. That is a resolute adherence on the part of city officers to established rules of business. Fitness and honesty must be the essential requisites of appointment, and in the purely business affairs of cities there must be no shadow of favoritism. The administration buying goods must buy of the lowest and best bidder, even though that person may be a personal and political enemy. There is no room for friendship, no place for "pulls," in honest, capable city politics and government.

Newspaper Ambition that Overleapt Itself

THE wild scramble of the New York evening newspapers in endeavoring to beat each other in getting out the first extra announcing the Queen's death calls attention to the queer custom that has grown up among these publications. Instead of waiting, as in former years, for the receipt of a piece of news before setting up the type and printing the papers, several of the evening publications now set up in advance, under tremendous headlines, the announcement of any important expected event.

For example, the papers, from the moment it was announced that the Queen was dying, prepared a complete front page, which was held ready to put on the press the instant the cable dispatch came stating that the Queen had breathed her last. As it was several days after she was stricken before she passed away, new plates had to be cast from day to day to prepare for the emergency. When the news came that Her Majesty was really dead, it was the work of only a few minutes to put the plates on the press, and to turn the papers out on the street. Long before the Queen was formally declared to have passed away the New York extras were being wildly shouted about the thoroughfares.

The preparations for getting ahead on announcements of this kind are often very expensive and trying. In one New York office, for instance, there has been cast every day a full set of eighty stereotyped plates announcing the death of Pope Leo. This process has gone on for over six months and will be continued indefinitely. It is doubtful if His Holiness would appreciate this delicate attention, but there is, after all, something fascinating in such enterprise. The plates in the case of Pope Leo are cast at a certain hour every day, taking precedence over everything else, and are stacked in rows alongside the presses ready for instant use.

This remarkable system for getting out the news in advance of the other fellow was inaugurated when the two of the large New York evening newspapers started to compete with each other. A fierce and consuming rivalry was inaugurated at once, and not very long afterward was born this unique scheme of advance news.

Sometimes the system is carried even farther than in such cases as that of Pope Leo, already cited. Not alone are the plates prepared, but the papers are actually printed and "planted" at the various distributing stations about town. Prize fights and elections offer especial opportunities for this class of modern journalism, and it is no uncommon thing for a prize fight extra to be sold on the streets in Harlem late at night, with a full account of the result, long before the shouts of the victorious side have died away at the prize ring in Coney Island.

On one occasion this remarkable enterprise brought one of the newspapers in New York to serious grief. It was on the occasion of the first election in Greater New York. Mr. Seth Low, General Benjamin F. Tracy and Mr. Robert A. Van Wyck were the opposing candidates. One of the three was sure to be elected, and the evening papers, as usual, printed their papers in advance. One set announced Low's election, another Tracy's, another Van Wyck's.

The papers were carefully assorted in bundles at the various distributing stations to await the password. Unfortunately, the circulation manager at one of the distributing stations got very much excited, and when the password came he released the wrong set of papers. The result was that the upper end of town was flooded with "latest election extras," announcing the election of Mr. Seth Low, in type about a foot high. Under the announcement, which simply stated that the complete returns gave Mr. Low a sweeping victory, was a long biographical sketch of "the successful candidate."

There was a wild scramble to pull in the extras when the mistake was discovered at the main office, but all attempts proved unavailing. Fully fifty thousand copies were sold. The mistake gave the enterprising circulation managers a severe shock, and more care is now exercised.

Business Combinations of Farmers

By J. Sterling Morton
Ex-Secretary of Agriculture

THE trend in manufacture everywhere throughout the United States seems to be to concentration. The massing of large capital for specific purposes has alarmed many people. But there can be no monopoly if trade is absolutely free between this country and other countries which produce the article which acquisitive enterprise seeks to corner.

The possibility and practicability of organizations among farmers for the protection of their interests and the marketing of their products to the best advantage is worthy of careful consideration.

There is an essential difference between a manufacturing plant and a farm. In the manufactory, when the proprietors ascertain that the output for the season is in danger of outgrowing the demand, they can ring a bell, stop the engines and all the machinery, and thereby gauge the supply to meet only a remunerative demand. The manufacturer is, as a rule, a better student of political economy and of current markets than the farmer.

To illustrate: the manufacturers of rubber goods perfectly comprehend the fact that all values are regulated by the relation of supply to demand, and therefore they never place enough of gum shoes, rain coats, rubber boots and the innumerable other useful articles which they produce on the market at any one time to bring about declining prices. Each manufacturer in this line consults with his competitors, and they agree as to the output which the market will probably take, and this is true in nearly every other line of manufactured goods. Thus the supply is adapted and adjusted not to overreach normal demand. The mills are shut down at times, or run on half time, and outputs limited.

But the farmers, having planted a given area in cereals, vegetables and fruits, and properly cultivated the same by intelligent tillage, are absolutely powerless as to whether the output shall be small or great. The annual amount of corn, wheat and other exchangeable products of the farms of the United States cannot be regulated after the planting and cultivation have been completed. God gives much or little rain, much or little sunshine, many or few propitious elements for the growth, development, harvesting and garnering of the crops. And the farmers, who are mere junior partners—like small shareholders in a vast corporation—cannot limit, diminish or increase the yield by ringing bells. Storms and sunshine, rainfall and soil-nutriment in soluble form, upon which plant life subsists, cannot be controlled by human will or mechanism. Hence the impossibility of an agricultural trust or combination which can control the bread and meat markets of the country.

Individual Control of Vast Sections

Sometimes people assert that during the present century we shall have farming controlled and carried on by large corporations. It is even suggested that single corporations like that which controlled the Dalrymple farms in North Dakota, where there was sown, grown and harvested a single wheat-field of 20,000 acres, will be as numerous as eighty-acre farms are at the present time. Antagonizing these views, however, are a great many intelligent observers who have traveled in Europe, where the rule is, especially in France, a constant decrease in the size of the farms. It is quite certain to my mind that we shall go to either one extreme or the other. The general trend at present, outside of agriculture, is to concentration of capital; and it is quite possible, if not probable, that farming will be carried on by large capital in various portions of the Northwest during the present decade. In every other business the margins of profits have been cut down to the minimum, and this cutting down has been made possible because of increased capabilities for large outputs. In a former generation the merchant who did a small business on a large profit received as great an annual income as do some of the merchants of to-day in doing a very large business on exceedingly small margins.

There has been an unwarranted and illogical complaint in many of our cities against department stores. State legislatures have been invoked to make laws against their doing business. But the first stores which we had in Nebraska, along the Missouri River, when the pioneer settlements were made, were merely unorganized department stores. The first store in Nebraska City, where I live, was established in 1855. At that store I purchased harness, plows, hardware, lumber, drugs, medicines, glass, paints and oils. The settlement was so sparse that it could not have maintained a hardware store, a drug store or any other store which had for sale only one exchangeable commodity. Those primitive mercantile establishments demonstrated the fact that it is cheaper to sell all exchangeable commodities, which are in ordinary use, under one roof and one management.

Whether consolidated capital will be successful in carrying on agricultural production is a question which can only be determined by trial and experience. It is, however, very evident to my mind that the farmer at the close of this century will have to be a far better educated man in order to succeed than was his predecessor at the close of the nineteenth century. Competition will become more and more intense, and the man who understands best the nature and chemistry of the soils will have an advantage over the illiterate. By soil analyses the farmers will be informed as to what particular elements of plant food are lacking before they attempt the use of commercial fertilizers. Long before this century closes the knowledge of the chemical constituents of the soils in the several States and parts of States throughout the Union will be shown upon maps of the Republic. The lands best adapted to wheat, to corn, to tobacco, to all sorts of crops will be perfectly familiar to the farmer of the future, because soil analyses will have determined the value of each section or area of the country for specific crops.

Approaching the Limit of Arable Lands

Up to this time there have been enough fresh, fertile lands to supply the place of all lands which have been rendered unfertile by bad usage, and by erosion from torrential rainfalls, in the Eastern, Middle and Southern States. But we have now nearly reached the limit of arable lands for sale or for giving away by the Government of the United States. The population of the Republic has doubled about every twenty-five years. If this increase continues at the same ratio, it is safe to say that in fifty years from this time the United States will have a population of about 300,000,000 people. Meantime the area of arable lands will, through bad tillage, have diminished, rather than increased. That is to say, the demand for farm lands will be more than three times as great as the demand is to-day, and the supply of farm lands will be much less than we now possess. Holding that the relation of supply to demand is the sole regulator of value, it is fair to conclude that farming lands in the United States, well located, will be worth, fifty years from this time, an average of from $200 to $300 an acre. The farmers who have the most individuality in the way of industry, frugality and judgment nearly all believe in a future of high prices for agricultural lands. This is particularly noticeable among American farmers of foreign birth and extraction, especially among Germans, Hollanders and Scandinavians. These people have witnessed in their old homes the constantly increasing prices of productive soils, or have, by tradition from their ancestors, a knowledge of them. Up to this time the American farmer has received from the general Government more favors than has any other industrial class. First, by legislation, the Government extended to preëmptors their choice of 160 acres of the most valuable Government land at $1.25 per acre, provided they settled upon and cultivated the same. This law was in vigor until 1863. Then the Homestead Law was enacted, under which the Government gave the very best of its lands to any and all heads of families who would occupy and till them for a period of five years. Under these two laws millions upon millions of acres have been vested in the farmers of the West, Northwest and Southwest. In addition to this generous treatment, a Department of Agriculture has been established, which was intended "to acquire and diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with agriculture in the most general and comprehensive sense of that word."

Within this Department are various bureaus and divisions engaged in original research as to soil constituents, the diseases of vegetable life, and the insect pests which prey upon fruits and cereals, and there is a Bureau of Animal Industry, the object of which is to study the causes and prescribe the cures, as far as possible, for all epizoötic maladies which are known to infest sheep, cattle, horses, swine and poultry. As a considerate disseminator of useful knowledge the Department has been, and may continue to be, a useful instructor for the reading and reasoning agriculturists of the country. It is its business to show the people how things in profitable farming may be accomplished.

But it is not its legitimate function to do things for the people which they ought to do for themselves. It has no rightful, legitimate business to distribute garden and flower seeds among a few of the people at the expense of all the people. It ought not to be in the manufacture, for free distribution, of antitoxin and other medical preparations used among domestic animals. The farmers of this country are not paupers. They neither deserve nor desire to be treated as wards of the Government. No just Government can take from the many to bestow upon the few. Gifts of seeds, slips, antitoxin and publications, paid for out of money raised by taxation of all the citizens, cannot reasonably and equitably be made to a few citizens by a popular Government which is honest and just. Ruskin says: "Charity is the temple of which Justice is the foundation, but you cannot have the top without the bottom." This Republic should not favor one class until it has been just to every class.

The Vital Importance of Forests

The whole future of agriculture is vitally dependent upon arboriculture and forestry. The reckless destruction of the groves and forests of the United States threatens utter infertility to all parts of the Union. More than twenty-five thousand acres of trees are cut down in the United States and made into railroad ties, lumber, furniture and other commodities every twenty-four hours! Among seventy-five millions of people even this vast destruction of trees gives a very small per capita portion of wood or lumber.

The interdependence of tree life, vegetable life and animal life is constant. Unless forests are conserved and trees planted, all farming must perish within the next hundred years; and should the whole globe be denuded of forests and groves all animal life would become extinct. The intermission of tree life and growth throughout the world, for a single summer, would extinguish all animal life. Teaching tree-planting at home, about the fireside, and practicing tree-planting on all the farms in the United States, are pressing necessities. Self-preservation should inspire every American to do all in his power to promote arboriculture. Agriculture everywhere must lend a helping hand to the tree-planters. It is time to plant trees and begin the partial renewal of the forests of the continent, if we care to leave to our posterity a habitable country.

The Building of the West

THE foundations of the West were laid by homesteaders. The property and apparatus with which the average early homesteader began life on his newly acquired farm of one hundred and sixty acres were extremely simple and limited in kind. He usually arrived in a wagon drawn by a pair of horses or mules, and containing his wife and children, some blankets and comforters, a few pots and pans, and very little else. An ax and a few other tools were essentials.

Obviously, the first thing requisite was to provide some sort of house, and during the construction of this the wagon served as shelter. If trees were at hand, a rude house of logs was built. Where there were no trees, a "dug-out" was good enough. This was a mere excavation in the side of a bank, or in some other place convenient for the purpose.

The dug-out, or the log-house, however, was merely a temporary expedient. The homesteaders were, as they are to-day, people who were willing to undergo hardships incidental to getting ahead in the world. Posts and barbed wire were obtained as soon as possible, and the land was fenced in, a sufficient area at the same time being put under cultivation to provide food for the family and forage for the animals.

The wives of the homesteaders, generally speaking, are admirable helpmeets, and the record of the average settler of the prairies has been one of steady advance in prosperity and possessions. The soil, being virgin, requires no fertilizers, and responds with a laughing harvest to the figurative tickle of the hoe.

Thus it came about, generally, that, by the end of the second or third year, the farmer was able to buy the lumber required for building a frame house, which in the course of time was replaced by a neat cottage, nicely painted. By this time his land would be under thorough cultivation, and barns and outhouses would have been added to the improvements. Thousands of model farms all over the prairie region of the West have been evolved in this fashion from just such humble beginnings.

If the settler established himself as a pioneer in a desirable region, it was inevitable that before long other people would take up homesteads in his vicinity, and so he would have neighbors. The farms might be half a dozen miles apart, but the farmers would be neighbors, nevertheless, and would thus form the beginning of a social community. By and by there would be more neighbors, and social relations would exhibit such occurrences as quilting-bees, corn-husking parties, and even dances. Whenever the homesteaders became thickly enough settled some sort of church organization was formed. Finally, little towns sprang up, and, where favorably situated, these towns grew to be cities. Such, briefly told, is the story of the building of the West.

XUM

A Camera Capture

By General Charles King

—she quickly unslung her camera, quickly took aim at the brilliant and most characteristic Prussian group

Six white-gloved hands went up in salute

SHE was aboard the express steamer, Deutscher Kaiser, bound from Cologne for Mayence, the gay June morning he first set eyes on her, but she rewarded his gaze of undeniable admiration by landing at Bonn. She was accompanied by a silvery-haired gentlewoman, obviously an invalid and apparently her mother, reinforced by a middle-aged person, half nurse, half general utility woman, and commanded by a fourth personage obviously austere to the world at large and domineering to her kith and kin. The girl was pretty (the prettiest things to be seen in the Rhineland are the American girls), the mother pathetic, the maid unsympathetic, and the maiden aunt—portentous. The run from the Dom-centring streets of the old German city to the academic shades of Bonn is but a short one, but it was long enough to indulge Mr. Lee in a deliberate study of Miss Beveridge, from the tip of the pert feather in her tourist hat to the toe of her trim and dainty boot; long enough to inspire him with more longing—with longing to know her, with interest in the invalid, and with instinctive antipathy to the maiden aunt. He, too, was aboard for his health, recuperating from a wound received in front of Santiago the year before; a wound that, followed by malarial fever, had well-nigh wrecked him. Twice had he caught the damsel's eye, a thing that rejoiced him unduly, for he did not see it was the little tricolored button in his left lapel, rather than the wearer, that attracted her. The second time she blushed, but it was from annoyance at being caught, not from maidenly confusion. He had been looking forward with eagerness to seeing the Sieben Gebirge close at hand and wondering what on earth the Deutschlanders saw in such diminutive upheavals to warrant the name of "mountain;" but he turned from them in disappointment and did not even rally as they neared the confluence of the Moselle, with mysterious Ehrenbreitstein frowning on them on the one hand and Coblentz nestling like a toy town on the opposite shore—and all because Miss Beveridge had left the boat at Bonn.

She was aboard a wheel the next time he saw her and they met face to face on a terrace overlooking the Rhine. She had a camera slung over her shoulder, and the middle-aged maid wobbled unsteadily on another wheel a few yards behind. Lee had a camera over his shoulder, but no other incumbrances. The recognition—of the girl on his part, of the button on hers—was instantaneous. He sprang to his feet from his seat on the waist-high wall and whipped off his tourist cap. She bowed gravely in return, and her glance was at the button, not at him, and this time he realized it.

She wheeled onward to a point where the road began a zigzag climb. There she dismounted, light as a bird. The maid followed suit, light as a cow, and together the two ascended the steps to a platform above, leaving their wheels at the roadside under the distant and martial eye of a smart little Prussian, picklehaube-crested sentry at an elongated box standing on end and striped like a barber's pole.

Lee had felt unequal to a climb even to see the sights of Ehrenbreitstein. Now he decided that duty, as a discharged volunteer staff officer of Uncle Sam, required of him study of permanent fortifications. Technically he didn't know a demi-lune from a ditch, but neither did she.

When Mr. Lee reached the upper platform and saw the blue Rhine twisting through the southward hills, spanned by the graceful railway bridge above Coblentz and dotted with boats and barges of every kind, he bethought him of his camera as an excuse for being there, and took two snapshots up the world-renowned valley, hardly taking his eyes, however, off the girl. Then he noted that a picturesque party of officers, just in from drill of some kind, was filled with interest in Miss Beveridge, who, unconscious of their voluble admiration, was lost in contemplation of the legend-haunted stream. It is believed that in love and in war most Continental *militaires* consider themselves invincible. There were six in this squad, slim-waisted, sandy-haired, straw-mustached young fellows—tip-top soldiers, too, ready to drink or die for their Vaterland at drop of the hat, but a bit asinine, none the less, where pretty girls were concerned. They assumed her unconsciousness to be feigned, and, halting at the turn of the road, regardless of the indignation in the eyes of the dragon, her attendant, began audible attempts to attract her attention. Lee was fifty yards away, but he could hear, and, firing up like the scion of three generations of Yankee soldiers that he was, started for the group, stick in hand and blood in his eye.

They were standing, as luck would have it, at the foot of a flight of steps leading to still another level. The sun, well up in the south, shone full upon their burnished helmets and shoulder scales and on the massive wall at their back, over the crest of which peeped the black muzzles of certain of Krupp's masterpieces. Miss Beveridge, twenty paces beyond them, could not but hear their demonstrative coughs, could hardly mistake their object, yet placidly she continued her survey as though deaf to every sound. Then suddenly, before Lee could reach them, the clatter of scabbards, the sputter of shod hoofs smote upon the ear, and coming at sharp canter round the turn of the road was a general officer with a group of aides and orderlies. Instantly the sextette shriveled into statues. Six white-gloved hands went up in salute to six brass-bound visors. Six pairs of heels clamped tight together and six slim-waisted, short-skirted subalterns gazed adoringly at the high, well-born, royal Prussian-fortress-inspector's-commandant's-general; damsel and dragon both forgotten.

As for Miss Beveridge, in all the fearless innocence of maiden America—a land wherein there lives no military regulation the sovereign citizen may not trample under foot—she quickly unslung her camera, quickly took aim at the brilliant and most characteristic Prussian group; snap went the slide as she touched the button, and so—brought on the arrest.

From the battlements of Ehrenbreitstein Prussia fears no foe, but scares at a camera. To take so much as a snapshot at so much of a fortress as can be seen through a baby camera renders the taker liable to be taken, perhaps, for a spy. The general didn't see, for his back was toward her as he galloped away. The subs didn't see, for they were temporarily absorbed in him—they had to be or suffer arrest in quarters. But a sentry had seen both Lee and the Fräulein Americaner and was bawling for some functionary of the guard.

The first thing Miss Beveridge knew, as the dust cleared away, a young man in tourist garb was at her side, holding forth a camera.

"Change with me—please—quick!" quoth he.

"What for?" said she with wide open blue eyes and no little resentment in tone. What business had he to accost her—even if he did wear the same button brother Jim sported when in civilian dress?—Brother Jim being a lieutenant, senior grade, in the Navy and son of a soldier of the great war of '61.

"I heard your mother say you must get on to Mayence this evening and you can't, if they catch you—with *that*—and here they come!"

Fact! Four little Prussian soldiers were scuttling down the steps from an upper ledge, a sergeant in the lead. The group of subalterns had given ear to the cries of the sentry and were now standing, open-eyed, behind *pince-nez* and monocle, watching the result. Lee had unslung his camera on the run, and, without more ado, possessed himself of hers lying on the stone coping, set his in its place and tranquilly continued:

"Now, be so good as to hurry to your wheel and spin away home. I'll straighten this out——"

"But—why?—what?——"

"Miss Beveridge, unless you wish to spend the night in a dungeon and craze your mother, go at once. I'll send your camera to the consul at Mayence."

Then the dragon began to whimper, and between them and bewilderment Miss Beveridge was started down the steps. Then Lee squatted on the coping and cheerfully awaited developments—and the defenders of Ehrenbreitstein.

They had to zigzag down and so lost time and breath and temper. They ran up sputtering and seized upon Lee and the camera.

"What's up?" said he in imperturbable American. A German official, civic or military, usually blusters, shouts and gets red in the face when he makes either an arrest or explanation. The Yankee as frequently confounds and exasperates him by consummate *sang-froid*. German instructions for guards and sentries prescribe just what the sentry shall shout when he sees a camera at forbidden work. The official language fails to indicate the sex of the culprit. In fact, sex in the German tongue is a thing too intricate to be settled short of sixteen syllables. The sergeant wacht-meister, overwhelming Lee with Teutonic reproach, could not now hear the sentry's supplementary shouts to the effect that he had got the wrong culprit. The three attendant soldiers could hear but dare not offer suggestion to a superior—implication that a higher officer may not know everything being inadmissible in the Prussian military code.

So Miss Beveridge wheeled away to the bridge of boats and so on back to the Bellevue, Lee's camera at her hip, Miss Perkins at her heels and something new at her heart. That young man was presentable, was prompt, decisive, even commanding, and most women—until they're married—like commanding men. Now what blunder had she committed? What danger was his on her account? It occurred to her to wheel around to the consul's and ask Herr Pfeiffer, the accomplished English-speaking German clerk.

"Ach Himmel!" said Pfeiffer. "Did not the gnädiges fräulein know it of the most-conspicuous, high-offensive, imprisonments-bringing misdemeanor was, any map, picture, writing, inscription, fortifications-view to take?"

"I didn't," snapped Miss Beveridge and Miss Beveridge's blue eyes. "I only took a shot at a lot of boy lieutenants under the cannon."

"Ach Himmel!" and Pfeiffer's hands flew up in air, then swooped on the camera.

"This one isn't mine! I exchanged——" and Miss Beveridge blushed vividly.

"Du lieber Himmel! With the distinguished, much-wounded, of-whom-to-us-have-written-the-Embassy in Berlin, Herr Major Lee——"

"*He!* A soldier!—and wounded!" cried Miss Beveridge. "Oh, mercy, Herr Pfeiffer, what *will* they do to him? Amanda, go at once to mother and tell her *I'm* going back to Ehrenbreitstein. I've got an officer—a wounded officer—Mr. Lee, arrested. We *shan't* go to Mayence to-night. I don't care what Aunt Nerva says!"

But she didn't go back, for Pfeiffer had sprung to the telephone and was in excited colloquy in high-pitched, high German with some very well-born sub-deputy commandant's inspector across the Rhine. She could catch and translate occasional words. They wanted to know all about Lee, and Pfeiffer was loading them with facts hitherto utterly unsuspected. Herr Major Lee of His Excellence, much-esteemed-United-States-of-North-America-High-Ambassador a nephew was. Herr Lee of the brave freewiller-United States-of-North-American-Army, a high distinguished "stabs offitseer in hauptquartier den" of the-Heaven-knows-what-all, a Major who severely at Santiago in battle twice wounded was. Twice had he to dinner with the high imperial kinglike, Cæsarlike, Prussian and-all-around-German Emperor at the imperial palace already been, etc., etc. Pfeiffer, it seems, was bent on giving Ehrenbreitstein to understand that in nabbing Lee they were entertaining a martial angel unawares, and Pfeiffer must have prevailed. That evening as the Beveridge party trundled away southward under the vine-clad heights, the anxiety of Miss Beveridge was appeased by the farewell tidings imparted by Mine Host of the Bellevue that Herr Major Lee had sent for his dress clothes. Though still nominally a captive he was to dine with his captors.

"But *where*, child, is your camera all this time is what *I* wish to know?" demanded Aunt Minerva.

And Miss Beveridge smilingly asseverated that she really could not tell.

It turned up three days later at Wiesbaden. So did Lee. In fact they came together, and it seemed as though Lee

were indisposed to surrender one without the other. Miss Beveridge received him with a blush, Miss Minerva with austere reserve. "Europe is full of adventurers and silly girls," said she. "Mr. Lee, or Major Lee, is most presumptuous. As for Mabel, she is headstrong and you permit it." Needless to say she spoke to the invalid.

Nevertheless, Lee hung on for a week, and then one day who should come but the Standishes of Boston—a household at whose doors Miss Minerva had looked long and vainly when last she visited the Hub. "It's the last drop," said she. "They'll never know us now with this—ineligible trapesing 'round after Mabel." But she garbed herself in grandeur for dinner that evening, purposely detaining the family until after the Standishes had gone down. She had "located" the table reserved for the Standishes and swept in past it at the head of her train prepared to impress, and, lo, they were not there! Men and women both, the Standish quintette had surrounded Major Lee at his own table, and Miss Minerva glared for a moment, then turned on her niece for explanation, for Mabel was bubbling over with fun.

"They were chums, I believe, at Harvard, and were later in the same brigade—and belong to the same Commandery of the Loyal Legion," she finally admitted.

"They? Who? The whole family?" demanded Aunt Minerva severely.

"No, merely Mr. Lee and Mr. Miles Standish."

And all through dinner Aunt Minerva could only gaze.

Late that evening Lee found Mabel.

"Are you still American enough to come and walk with me in the garden a while? I've got to go to Heidelberg with them to-morrow. It was planned and promised—before we began snap shooting Prussian strongholds."

Even Aunt Minerva had not so much as a sniff in comment when Mabel bent over her mother's chair for the desired permission. The impropriety of a thing depends so very much on the social standing of the parties to it.

"Is there no hope of your—coming to look down on the Neckar from the old castle?" he queried, as he led her along a moonlit aisle, away from the band and the busy tongues of society. "They are students, not soldiers, there, you know. You can snap shoot all you like."

"I fear—I think—not, Mr. Lee. Wiesbaden seems to be just the place for mother." Yet she was thinking at that moment of Kate Standish, who had so warmly greeted him.

"You have said, 'I fear,' yet I wish I feared half as little," said he, stopping at a corner, but not releasing her arm.

"You weren't half afraid that day at Ehrenbreitstein," she hurriedly spoke, knowing well that a telltale tremor had come into his voice, a telltale flush to her own bonny face. "Why did you make me change cameras with you—when I could so easily get away?"

"Because I didn't think they'd be such dunderheads. I feared they might overtake and arrest *you*, too. If they did, then the film would show nothing but a harmless shot at the Rhine."

"Oh!—then you—didn't mean to take me?" exclaimed Miss Beveridge, glancing demurely up.

"Didn't *mean* to! Heavens! What wouldn't I give?——" And the glowing eyes, the trembling hands that seemed twitching with eagerness to stretch forth and seize the slender form, were unerringly telling their story. "Why? *Did* I take you?" he asked.

"I was the centre of *one* picture," she answered, still demurely. "But—you—didn't mean it, you know." And now in delight with her power over him, she looked up again, smiling bewitchingly, teasingly, temptingly.

"Then—let us change back again at once," he begged. "Where is that film?"

"Where is mine—with all those lovely Prussian officers?—and that splendid cavalcade?"

"Confiscated, of course!" he answered with instant frown. "Heavens! Here comes Standish—and that Bowdoin girl. Mabel, quick—I want the picture—I want the subject—I want—you."

"But you—are going to Heidelberg to escort Miss Standish," she interposed, dimpling deliciously, longing to hear yet, womanlike, toying with her bliss—even with Standish" and that Bowdoin girl" close at hand.

"Kate Standish is engaged and has been—a whole year. Answer me—for I love you. May I come back from Heidelberg?"

"We-ell. If you want that picture—or the—the——"

But the rest was lost—smothered; Standish had gone another way.

The Business of Romance

By William Mathews

AMONG the virtues which moralists and writers of books for young men are fond of extolling are method, order and regularity in one's work. In all departments of business these virtues are, no doubt, generally essential to success. It helps the reputation of a merchant to have it known that he invariably takes his seat in his office as the clock strikes nine or ten; that his letters are always answered by return of mail, and his checks drawn at a certain hour on a given settling-day. There are some spheres of labor in which an orderly and clocklike life procedure is of vital necessity. There are departments of art which imperatively demand that a certain amount of work shall be done in a given time. But how is it in literature? Is it of equal advantage to the worker here to be methodical and regular; and does the world think more highly of him for these traits? Nay, the very reverse is the fact; and why? Because the instincts of the public tell it that regularity, if not incompatible with, is rarely the accompaniment of, literary power. It knows that, in the vast majority of cases, genius is irregular, occasional, subject to fits and moods, to tidal ebb and flow; now depressed, now exultant; always apt to fret and chafe in traces, to rebel against rule, to refuse to work by the clock and at set times and places, or to turn out a fixed amount of work per day or per hour.

Miss Beveridge received him with a blush, Miss Minerva with austere reserve

Mrs. Oliphant, in an essay on Anthony Trollope, written some seventeen years ago, complained bitterly of this notion. "In every other craft," she wrote, "however dependent on the higher gifts, the close and constant labor of the workman is put to the credit of his work. Not even the printer . . . is expected to wait for special inspiration, or damned with faint praise as 'industrious' and 'meritorious,' because he works a certain number of hours a day. But this is still the familiar thing to say of Mr. Trollope." This is true; it is useless to deny it; but was there not abundant reason for the saying? Mr. Trollope was the most methodical romancer, probably, that ever lived. Beginning his work on every weekday in the year at five or half-past five in the morning, and holding that it is affectation for a professional author to talk of being *en verve*—that is to say, in the proper vein or mood for his work—he sat down to write morning after morning, as, to use his own words, "a cobbler sits down to make shoes." He was no believer in inspiration, forthcoming one morning and withheld from an author on another; and as for the "divine afflatus" of the poet or prose-writer, they had no more to do with it, in his opinion, than a cow with conic sections.

When Mr. Trollope heard it said that an author should wait before writing till inspiration moves him, he was hardly able to repress his scorn. "To me," he said, "it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting." He held that any one who could write at all could, if he chose, get into the habit of settling down into his armchair at a regular hour in the morning, and—provided that he had not eaten too many good things or smoked more cigars than were good for him the night before—turn out a pretty uniform amount of work by a given hour in the afternoon. This theory affected Mr. Trollope's work, and it affected the world's estimate of it. Though he produced more than fifty novels, besides not a few other works, he left little that will live. There are few scenes or characters in his romances that stamp themselves indelibly in the memory, and of verbal felicities there are almost none whatever.

That the knowledge of his rule of working with clockwork regularity just so many hours a day, and of writing exactly one thousand words an hour, having every word counted as he wrote, should lower the estimate of his work by his literary brethren was perfectly natural. It is not mere whim or affectation, as many persons suppose, which influences the conduct of many brain-workers—novelists, essayists, poets, musical composers, etc.—when they yield to fits of idleness and seeming mental vacuity. No doubt a writer may needlessly abandon himself to this sort of thing, and subject himself thereby to misery and impoverishment. But the disposition of literary men to work by fits and starts has its basis in mental experience, which nothing but a complete knowledge of the subtle, mysterious processes of the brain would enable us to understand.

It is a fact familiar to mental toilers the world over, that there are hours and days when work is easy, thought spontaneous, ideas "nimble and airy servitors," and the clothing them with words a delight; and, on the other hand, that there are seasons—alas! too frequent—when the mental atmosphere is filled with mist and fog, and writing is a dreary, treadmill task; and though it is possible to whip up the lagging energies, and to go on by spurts, one will try in vain to equalize his work and to write with continuous power.

We are apt to think of the poet Longfellow as less subject to moods of inspiration and depression than other bards; yet we find him long baffled in his attempts to write a poem introductory to The Estray, a companion to The Waif—a collection of exquisite selected poems, published in 1845—and thus writing in his journal: "For years I have not had so unpoetic an autumn, which grieves me sore. I always rely on the autumn, and chiefly on October. Last year how many poems I wrote! And this year—not one." It is because most writers, though differing in the frequency and degrees of their moods of elevation and depression—their periods of fertility and of barrenness—are so conscious of the existence of these moods that they infer that a man who harnesses his Pegasus invariably day by day as the clock strikes a certain hour, and plies the whip for a fixed number of hours, must produce much that is commonplace.

Will the reader, in opposition to these views, cite the cases of Goethe and Scott, who were men of great genius, and yet steady, methodical, indefatigable workers? Seemingly exceptions to the general rule, their literary histories only confirm it. It was *not* the methodical, scientifically calm Goethe that wrote the first and divinest part of Faust; it *was* he that wrote the second part of Faust, which is immeasurably inferior. It was Scott's practice of working doggedly at his romances, in certain hours, whether in the vein or out of the vein, that caused the glaring inequalities in his work. As an acute critic observes: "He frankly informs us that when he produced those parts of his works that sent the public wild with delight, and which even the critic dunces who pestered him with their rules admitted to be his best, he had not been thinking of rule or method at all, but had been run away with by irresistible, boylike delight in some Nicol Jarvie, or Dugald Dalgetty, or Jonathan Oldbuck, out of whose company he could not tear himself, let the story fare as it might."

"We may pronounce it one of the surest facts on which to base a science of criticism," says Peter Bayne, "that the artist, literary or pictorial, who is always master of his genius has little genius of which to be master."

How I Grew Up in Music

By Lillian Nordica

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Madame Nordica as Isolde

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Madame Nordica as Brünhilde

RUBINI, the great singer, began in the chorus. When a chance came for him to do something higher he and his wife walked all the long way to Padua rather than spend their little savings, for he did not know how the public would receive him. He waited and strove for the success that is not made at a leap, the only success enduring and worth having. He died world-known and left a fortune.

In the days when I began to sing, singing had not yet grown to be a business as it is now, when people are turned out in a given time as finished and equipped. I could sing the high Do in Rossini's Inflammatus as well then as to-day, but nobody thought anything of it. There was no rush to get my photograph for the papers, and columns were not written about me. I had to grow up in music gradually and with patient toil. And that is the only way. There should be small, cautious, conscientious beginnings, the doing of all things to the limit of one's ability, and a gradual growth; then the career will take care of itself.

The first rôles that a singer studies for opera leave a lingering impression even to the smallest details of surrounding circumstances. It was a hot, hot summer in New York during which I learned my first twelve operatic rôles with Madame Maretzek, the widow of the impresario, and herself a singer of distinction in the lighter parts. The enthusiasm and the desire made everything else, even the heat, of small importance. Three days a week she would come up to the city to teach me. Then, one day I went home with her to her country place down on Staten Island, where her chief pet was a horse so tame that he would walk into the dining-room, eat sugar out of her hand, and march out again. The simplicity of life there, the beauty of the glorious summer time, became part of my memory of those rôles.

Mme. Wagner's Rehearsals at Bayreuth

It was an important day to me when I made my début at Madison Square Garden (with Gilmore's Band, then at the zenith of its success), for there came with it the prospect, toward which I had been aiming, of further study in Italy for opera. Many wrote that it was beneath my dignity to sing about the country with a brass band. Undeterred, I kept straight ahead. Experience and means to obtain future study were both being accumulated. After traveling through the length and breadth of my own land we arrived at Liverpool one morning at eleven o'clock, and at two I made my English début, still with Gilmore's organization. In Paris the reception was most kind. Then came Italy, my mother accompanying me in all my journeyings, and with San Giovanni there began my further studies for opera which the Gilmore engagement had enabled me to undertake. In Italy I also wanted to study La Gioconda with Ponchielli, the composer, but he was a very severe man, and no one could be found with sufficient courage to introduce me. So I went up to speak to him in the street, telling him that I wanted some day to sing in his opera. His answer was that he would teach me.

Now, after years, and the death of Ponchielli, I am at last to sing in it.

After these first flights there came engagements in many lands, Italy, Russia, France, England, my own country, always with study enough to make the hours seem short. Then came an invitation to the crucial test of Bayreuth performances.

The occasion assumed peculiar importance from the fact that Lohengrin was to receive a first presentation in the Festival Playhouse that Wagner planned for the performance of his music dramas, and there his widow, devoted to his memory and his works, directs one of the largest personnels attached to any opera house in Europe. It meant an establishing of authentic precedent for all future performances of Lohengrin along the lines pursued in the presentation of the other music dramas of the master. Months were given to its preparation.

It was early May when I arrived at Bayreuth. Wagner's daughters and his son Siegfried called at the hotel to see me, and later in the day I went with them to Wahnfried, the villa that King Ludwig of Bavaria built for the composer. It can scarcely be said to have been a sedate first call, for we played games during the greater part of it.

The entrance hall at Wahnfried is a large square salon the height of the house, and encircled by a balcony. Beneath are placed, on pedestals, sculptured figures in white marble of the heroes of Wagner's music dramas, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, and the rest. But not one of his heroines is represented. To me as an American woman this seemed a remarkable oversight, and I said to Madame Wagner that I wondered why it was that all the interest centred in the men, who, according to the German idea, seemed the beginning and end of all things.

On either side of the doorway of the room leading from the hall to the grand drawing-room are busts of Wagner and his wife which show that when it comes to family matters the lady has her place. The room, between the hall and the grand drawing-room, has cushioned seats running about it, but no hangings. The coloring is Pompeiian red. An organ and two grand pianos are in the room, and on the marble inlaid floor are little individual mats of lamb's wool. The grand drawing-room, which contains portraits by Lembach, the score of Parsifal, and wonderful books, manuscripts and tapestries, overlooks the garden where rests all that is mortal of the great master.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE BY HER FATHER

Madame Nordica at the age of seven

Madame Lillian Nordica-Dome and Mr. Zoltan Dome

PHOTO. BY STANISLAS DE TOEPLITZ

Madame Nordica on the balcony of her hotel (La Perouse), Paris

FROM A SNAPSHOT

Madame Wagner is perfectly frank, and if things are not right she says so. If singers do not suit they are sent home. Of course it is very hard for the singer to whom this happens, and who may have spent a long time in studying the rôle. As a consequence, the disappointment of it all must rest on Madame Wagner's shoulders. So great is considered the honor to sing in the chorus that tenors who later appeared as Lohengrin to my Elsa during a tour of the German opera houses were members of this branch of the organization. Every detail of scene shifting was attended to at each of these rehearsals. Back of the stage cocoa matting was laid, and the scene shifters and men engaged wore felt slippers. At the presentations, only those singing were allowed behind the scenes, and conversation was forbidden.

Elsa's Fifty-Pound Bridal Draperies

For the reason that Lohengrin was to receive a first Bayreuth presentation preparations were very arduous. All the groupings and costumes were made from old prints and pictures. The selection of these many costumes was in itself a great undertaking. And all this as well Madame Wagner directed and supervised.

The cloth, for instance, composing the cloak of Elsa, worn in the bridal scene, had to be a specially woven pattern of blue silk and silver, and weighed fifty pounds. This, with the cornet, girdle, and other portions of the costume, tested the physical endurance on the part of the wearer.

Early every morning a trusted old servant is sent by Madame Wagner with the bulletin of the day to each singer. This bulletin tells, for instance, that one will study with her from 9 until 10:30, another will come at 10:30, and so on, for the entire day. The bulletin also gives the names of those invited to lunch, dine and sup with her. The daughters attend to the hospitalities of the house, and at the evening parties refreshments are dispensed continually throughout the function.

My first German studies were in New York, but with Madame Wagner, at Bayreuth, I went through the entire Lohengrin poem word by word, and labored and toiled over it. It is one thing to sing the words and another to recite them. Mr. Siegfried and his sisters often happened to be in the balcony in the hall on these occasions, and generally at a time when we were wrestling with some such word as *ensetzlich*. The music of the part was taken up with Madame Wagner in the same exhaustive way, bar by bar.

Madame Wagner is a great walker, and we often went together to the Hermitage, the palace of the mad Kings of Bavaria, with its beautiful Italian gardens and subterranean

XUM

apartments. In the red sunsets it almost seemed to me that Wotan might appear riding through the clouds, and the flocks of ravens suggested those of the Walhalla. In those days we had so lived into the legend and the poetry of the Wagnerian music-dramas, that it would scarcely have surprised us to see Lohengrin sailing up the little stream in his skiff drawn by a swan.

Sunday was the day of rest and we would often go into the country. But I never could get out of sight of the Festival Playhouse where I was to sing. It followed me like an ogre. I would wake up in the night and think of my approaching ordeal, and determine that I would pack up and leave in the morning rather than face it. But the next morning found me at work again with Madame Wagner.

She asked me why I, a foreigner, born in the wilds of Maine, felt drawn to Wagner. Some go in for Wagner because it is a fad, and with still others it is foresight. In my case there was none. I went into it because I felt impelled to sing Wagner's music. The impulse was an irresistible one because, in other words, I loved it.

Titled people from all over Europe were at the presentations that summer. The Princess of Wales came incognito and dined at the restaurant. Of course no one greeted her under these conditions of etiquette, but she would stop on the way out to speak to those whom she cared to recognize.

One night at ten o'clock, after the performance, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin gave me a supper. When I entered the restaurant the Duchess, who was seated, came forward to meet me. Every one in the place arose and cheered. At our table, graced by the stately figure of Madame Wagner, were seated the three great conductors, Levy, Richter and Motl, and Wagner's talented son Siegfried.

Great people in art and letters were numbered in the audiences and made those appearances at Bayreuth memorable ones, thus made, as they were, before representative celebrities of the world.

The immense stress of work, the presentations and their direction in the minutest detail, the social functions, dinners and receptions to royalty and celebrities, the strain and tension of nervous anxiety during the long season, which lasted for two months, were supported by Madame Wagner in a wonderful way, in keeping with her endowments. I know what the strain meant with me, and I took my part only as one of the artists.

The most restful moments in those busy days were the ones in the little garden attached to my dressing-room, for I always went there between the acts. There one could entertain one's friends, and, at the glow of sunset, when the first part of the performance was ended, the scene was of great charm.

Why England Has Become Dear to Her

When making a tour of the German opera houses later, singing the rôle of Elsa in Lohengrin, I was invited by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to sing at his capital. He had been the staunch friend of my early musical career, as he had also been in the instance of Sir Arthur Sullivan and other musicians who have cause to hold his memory in gratitude. With the thoughtfulness that so distinguished him the Duke had the walls and ceilings of the dressing-room at the Coburg opera house covered with roses the night of the performance. An invitation was given me to stop at the castle, and the decoration and title of Royal Kammersängerin were bestowed upon me.

The kindness shown me in England during the illness that nearly ended my life some years ago has endeared the land and its people to me as my own. Everybody, the Queen, Dukes, Duchesses, the Lord Mayor, sent messages and inquiries. There was also something else sent—two great wreaths when it was rumored that I was dead. "Don't let her see those," some one exclaimed, "or they will be needed in reality."

The report of my death had been spread abroad and many believed it. When I walked into Worth's in Paris, after my recovery, the head woman nearly fainted when she caught sight of me coming through the doorway. She thought it was my ghost.

The Duchess of Teck, a charitable and great-hearted woman, I saw for the last time at a Marlborough House garden party given by Queen Victoria one very hot day. Preparations were being made for the wedding of the Duchess' daughter, the Princess May, to the Duke of York. The Duchess' face was flushed with excitement and happiness. "Well, here you are," was her greeting, "and so am I, what there is left of me!" And she led the merriment aroused by this reference to her great size.

On the occasion of Her Royal Highness' silver wedding anniversary at Richmond the line of carriages made a procession of the nobility and society of England. A few were invited to remain to dinner, among them myself. Afterward the Duchess, the Princess May, the Duke of York and the other guests were photographed in a group on the lawn. This photograph, signed by each member of the group, is among my treasures.

Lohengrin was the first and only Wagner opera heard by Queen Victoria, and was presented before her at Windsor by royal command on her eightieth anniversary. The streets were illuminated and the scene on the way to the castle was a gala one. After the performance the Court retired to the throne-room. Her Majesty sent for us and I hurried to change my gown, for I knew that she was waiting. Mr. Jean de Reszké and Mr. Edouard de Reszké, who also sang that night, went to the throne-room in their stage costumes. As they walked down those long corridors, the one as King, the other as Knight of the Grail, they looked as though they had stepped from some historic painting on the walls. The Queen was, as always, gently thoughtful. The music had seemed to her a strain, not having heard the later Wagner music dramas, and she repeated several times: "I hope you are not tired. It was so lovely." And again she returned to it, saying: "Madame Nordica must be so tired!"

The occasion of my first appearance before Queen Victoria at Osborne was marked by that exquisite thoughtfulness for others which so distinguished her. When I was through, Her Majesty, who sent for me to sit beside her and asked many interesting questions, had the windows closed, although it was summer time, fearing I might catch cold. That night I lost a brooch at Osborne; it was returned the next day, and with it a note from the Queen showing that same beautiful thoughtfulness. She said that she hoped I was not overfatigued, and had not worried over my lost brooch. With my own brooch Her Majesty sent me another.

Editor's Note—This is the second of four articles by world-famous singers that are to appear in consecutive numbers of The Saturday Evening Post.

Fur Flowers for the Stage

ARTIFICIAL flowers made of fur are the latest original contrivance for costumers' and milliners' use. The fur is taken, so far as possible, from the heads of various animals, particularly squirrels, the skin being cut in long rectangular sections, and folded rosette fashion in such a way that a blossomlike bunch is formed, the hairs all pointing toward the edges of the petals. The arrangement is made permanent by a few stitches, and a scrap of cloth is attached by sewing to the under surface, for the sake of reënforcement.

For a stem, a wire is passed through the centre of the flower, with a tuft of fur at the upper end of it. The tuft, being drawn down to meet the body of the blossom, lends to the latter a suitable finish, and a green covering-tube of rubber or other suitable material is drawn over the wire from its lower extremity, so as to give it the appearance of a stem. This last completes the construction of the flower, the effect of which is said to be very natural, the nap of the fur resembling the fuzz of the natural petal.

The inventor suggests the addition of a calyx of green cloth to give an appearance of naturalness.

The Drummer-Boy's Alarum

By Hamlin Garland

AN ARMY lay sleeping on the tumbled land around Chattanooga. The moon was full, but fell through a fleecy-white vapor and lighted the camps but vaguely with diffused radiance.

The white tents gleamed out of the obscure shadow of valleys, and dark masses of horses and rows of commissariat wagons showed as anomalous humps and splotches of darker shadows on the banks of the deep, silent river which had the mystery of death.

The picket line extended in a wide irregular semicircle over the hills for miles. Behind the pickets lay the skirmishers entrenched, rolled in their blankets, their muskets beside them.

In one of the tents well to the van of the army a drummer-boy lay wide awake—a young, slender, imaginative lad, who had been in camp but a few days and who hungered to be a soldier, not a drum-beater. He longed to handle guns. To play *rat-tat* was childish.

He tossed restlessly about for a long time, and at last, mastered by his desire, arose and looked out on the camp. No one was stirring and the stacked arms proved irresistible. He dressed and went out cautiously and stood erect in the shadow of a small oak, near the first stand of muskets.

Gaining courage, he cautiously took a gun from its fellows and sat down to look at it by the moonlight.

It seemed as if he were a man already as he handled the gun. He would have marched up and down with it, only he was a little afraid some one might see him there and order him to bed.

It was marvelously still and beautiful and solemn, as if the army had been reabsorbed into mother earth again. The boy dimly felt this solemnity, and with the gun across his lap he sat and listened with beating heart.

If only they would let him march in the ranks to-morrow!

Suddenly the cocked hammer of his gun fell and the flash and its report stunned him for a moment. It seemed as loud as a cannon-shot, and rolled away into the still air like the crack of doom.

For three beats of his heart the lad listened to the echoes bounding from the hills and stabbing the perfect stillness of the night like assassins.

Then a scared picket fired an answering shot. Another excitable answered it; then a third, farther away. With a flash of defensive inspiration the boy replaced the gun and scurried into his tent and lay listening, like a fugitive rabbit.

DRAWN BY F. L. FITZHUGH

It seemed as if he were a man already as he handled the gun

A wild, hoarse, throaty voice arose, a captain's voice.

"Company K. Fall in! Fall in, fall in, there!"

A drummer half asleep seized his drum and began the long roll, that terrible snarl whose jar brings the sleeping soldier to his feet as if by lightning stroke.

Dim forms arose like phantoms. Officers beat and called and swore and raced to and fro between the tents.

The whole picket line seemed to be firing. They were like a line of bricks, one shot brought forth another. The skirmishers took it up like watchdogs on winter farms and passed the alarum along in drowsy thoughtlessness.

Drum after drum took up the wild call. The still, beautiful night palpitated with the accelerating crescendo warning roar.

Regimental bugles added their wild, sweet reveille and their voices ran over the hills fainter, faintly, far in the valley.

"FALL IN."

"Fall in."

"Fall in."

Commands and queries ran along the regimental camps down the valley and over the hills. Before each group of tents squads of soldiers formed in line with marvelous celerity.

Old war-horses neighed as shadowy troopers flung rattling saddles over them. The clank of accoutrements was heard on all sides. The hoarse, far-shouting of men to horses ran back to the river where the wagon trains lay encamped.

And still the bugles called and the drummers played on. With roll after roll of snarling drums, with bugles echoing bugles, mile after mile of ranked and ready men, the army arose. Their rise was like the waking of nations on resurrection morn. It was majestic. It was terrible.

The boy lying there shuddered with horror and grew rigid with awe. It seemed that the end of the world had come suddenly, without warning. Oh! it was so grand and terrible!

. . . . . .

Then the firing on the picket line began to die away. The skirmish line also woke to its folly.

One by one the near drums ceased their uproar. One by one the near bugles fell silent and the distant calls seemed but sweet echoes, sleepy and jocular.

Then the army listened. It held its breath there in the glorious moonlight and listened.

Nothing was heard of war. The cool wind came from the dark mountains across the river gentle and admonitive.

Horses moved restlessly and hoarse words passed along the line. Commands and angry inquiry mingled. Nothing was heard from the opposing legions. All was peaceful, hushed, solemn.

Near his head in the grass the boy heard the first chirp of a cricket resuming his interrupted song.

A horseman galloping wildly along scattered a new command, mixed with half-jocular oaths. He passed like a small whirlwind in summer plains, leaving the landscape stiller than before.

Then the bugles sounded a new note—a softer note, a drowsy note, that was taken up and passed from point to point like a low gurgle of laughter.

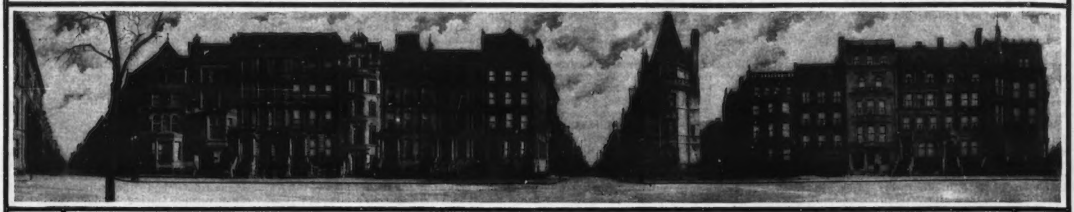
Then jests and muttered oaths broke from the men. The subdued clatter of their arms as they broke ranks died slowly away into silence.

The cavalry bugles wailed from the valley: "Lights out."

The army slept again under the misty blue sky, deluged with the faint light of the broad and smiling moon.

XUM

Our Cities in the Twentieth Century



E. 63d St. A mile of Fifth Avenue residences, photographed for The Saturday Evening Post by J. Wesley Allison E. 81st St.

IT IS the destiny of New York to be the Empire City of the World. She will be the chief centre of commerce, of finance and of population. This destiny may be delayed through misgovernment and other causes, but it is inevitable. Another fifty years, with the rate of increase recorded in the past century, will give her the lead in population. Such reasonable shipping facilities as we have a right to expect for our extensive water-front, in view of our tremendous commercial development, will give her control of the world's commerce. The great prosperity of the country, and our amazing development as a manufacturing nation, will shift the financial centre from Threadneedle Street to Wall Street. New York will be the world's clearing house within the next few years unless the unexpected happens. Altogether, there have never been before any city in the world, at any time, such prospects as are before New York. The difficulty in forecasting these prospects lies in the inability of any human mind to grasp them.

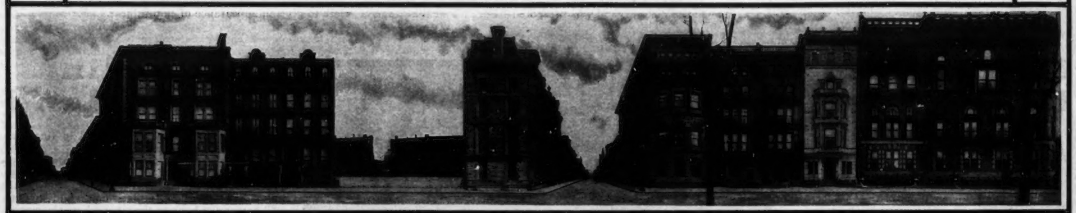
The natural advantages of New York are greater than those enjoyed by any other city in history, ancient or modern. Athens, Rome, the great trading ports of the East which flourished in the olden time, had not one-hundredth part of the natural advantages that belong to us. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and all the other great cities of Europe to-day are hampered by a thousand and one restrictions and difficulties unknown to us. In America there is not another city that is even approximately in the same class with New York, so far as Nature has provided. It seems almost as though Providence had here deliberately arranged all the conditions to make possible the creation of a city unequaled elsewhere in the world. Not only have we the greatest extent of water-front, and the finest harbor on earth, but we have in addition over twenty-five miles of ocean-front. From Coney Island Point to Far Rockaway there is a stretch of beach seventeen miles long within the city limits, capable of most picturesque improvement. On Staten Island, which is now the southern section of the city, there is an ocean frontage of over eight miles.

Sooner or later this entire stretch of land, washed by the tides, will be an unbroken parkway. Already the development of this plan has begun. From South Brooklyn to Fort Hamilton a magnificent parkway and boulevard has been laid out along the water-front, which, when completed, will be the finest ocean driveway on earth. This driveway will at no distant day extend the full length of that part of the city which margins the sea. Here will be located the magnificent dwellings and summer homes of the rich. Once the era of development has set in, the men of affairs who now make their homes during the hot season in Newport, Narragansett, and the other so-called fashionable watering-places will locate within the city's boundary, where they can remain in close touch with their business, and at the same time enjoy to the full all the advantages found farther away. As our transportation facilities improve, many of our foremost citizens will make their permanent homes, winter and summer, along these magnificent beaches.

When we can go to the easterly limit of our great city in fifteen minutes, embarking at Wall Street in luxurious cars that will carry us without change, the Long Island Boulevard will offer all the advantages of a residence on Fifth Avenue. The time when we shall be able to do this is almost in sight. It will come as soon as the tunnels already planned for the East River are completed. With electric propulsion the trip will be swift, clean and pleasant. It will involve no more trouble and hardship than is now involved in a trip from Wall Street to Central Park.

Nor will the rich alone take advantage of this new section. Those in moderate circumstances will find on the Long Island shore homes at moderate prices. The tendency in this direction has manifested itself already, even with the limited transportation facilities we now enjoy. Brooklyn has grown out more and more to the eastward, until now there is a continuous and unbroken stretch of well-built dwellings clear to the limits of Coney Island, where a few years ago there were potato patches and cornfields. Fort Hamilton, Gravesend, New Utrecht, Bensonhurst, Bath Beach, have grown up almost over night.

Thousands of beautiful houses, fronting on streets that are finely paved, thoroughly lighted and perfectly clean, have been built and are occupied. The inhabitants have all the conveniences that are to be found in the heart of New York. Electricity is on tap everywhere. The sanitary appliances are perfect. There are hundreds of square miles of territory where land, ten years ago, could have been bought at $500 an acre, which to-day sell for $500 a lot. Such development as this forecasts accurately what is to come when there is unbroken and continuous transit from the heart of New York.



E. 65th St. E. 64th St. E. 63d St.

To the south the development will be as great as it has been to the east. Already it has set in, and in a few years more the beautiful hills on Staten Island will all be crowned with fine homes facing on perfect streets, "fanned by ocean breezes." At present, access to the south is to be had only by the Staten Island ferryboats, but by means of tunnels every part of Staten Island will be brought within fifteen or twenty minutes of the City Hall. And the trip will be made under the most perfect conditions, in well-lighted, smooth-running, comfortable cars.

When the development that may reasonably be expected along the ocean-front section of New York City has come there will be presented a picture unparalleled on earth. Already there is unfolded to the incoming passengers on ocean steamships a panorama that beggars anything to be seen elsewhere. When the Staten Island heights are crowned, and the Long Island plains are fully populated, the beauty of this panorama will be increased a hundredfold. Day and night the scene will be equally fascinating. Under the sunlight, the green slopes, the beautiful streets, the

E. 67th St. E. 66th St. E. 65th St.

New York—Its Present and Its Future *By* Ex-Mayor Gilroy

E. 69th St. E. 68th St.

magnificent parks and the winding boulevards will offer such a picture as will inspire the most unimaginative. At night, under the glow of thousands of brilliant electric lamps, it will be like a bit from fairyland to the eyes of the travelers on incoming ships. No stage scene ever set will compare with it.

I have laid great stress on the development of New York to the southward and eastward because the field here is comparatively new. In the past, before consolidation, New York had only one way of growing—that was to the north. When Brooklyn, Staten Island and Queens County were taken into the Greater City the complexion of things changed entirely, and to-day we are restricted only in one direction—that is to the west.

There has at times been some speculation which contemplated the extension of the city into New Jersey. That, however, may be considered a dream. The Hudson River will probably always remain as the boundary between the two States. New Jersey will, of course, derive a substantial increase of population from New York. To-day there are undoubtedly a hundred thousand people whose business lives are spent in New York City, but whose homes lie across the North River. These people are really New Yorkers to all intents and purposes. Most of their waking hours are spent on Manhattan Island. The true census of the city should, perhaps, embrace them in its population; but as the census figures are based on the sleeping places, these people will always be considered apart.

E. 71st St. E. 70th St.

In the future, however, they are certain to be bound even more closely to us than they have been in the past. There will undoubtedly be a number of tunnels under the North River, and the Great Bridge, which has been so long under contemplation, is certain to come within a comparatively few years. Then it will be about as easy to reach points in New Jersey as it will be to reach points on Long Island, Staten Island and the territory across the Harlem. Necessarily there will be a tremendous growth of population throughout that section of New Jersey that is in touch with Manhattan Island. In an article on New York this growth cannot properly be considered.

After looking over the field to the south and east, we must turn to the north. Here will come a development that I believe will be the most remarkable in the history of any city. It will date almost from the moment that the first train is run through the Underground Railroad, now building.

No better prophecy of what may be expected can be made than through a retrospect of what has been. Fifty years ago it was common to picnic in the woods just north of what is now Forty-second Street. To-day Forty-second Street is the centre of the city. Every one who has his eyes open must know that, amazing as was the era of development in the latter half of the last century, it will be proportionately very much greater in the first half of the new.

Half a century ago all the hotels of any account were located in or about Cortlandt Street. Where the Fifth Avenue Hotel stands to-day, at Twenty-third Street, people used to go to witness balloon ascensions. It was the country. To-day the Fifth Avenue Hotel is out of the hotel district, the centre of which is about Forty-second Street. When the City Hall was built it was considered that it marked the northernmost limits of the city. The main front and the sides of the building were finished in white marble, but the back was built of brownstone, on the theory that there would never be anybody behind it to look at it.

Forty years ago the principal theatres were located about City Hall Park. The Park Theatre was on Chambers Street, Burton's Theatre was on Broadway, between Worth and Anthony—Anthony being Pearl Street to-day. In 1850 Park Place was still a street of residences. Bond Street and Great Jones Street were the uptown residence streets.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford station was at Canal Street, near Broadway. The Harlem Railroad ran its cars to Tryon Row. Just north of the Tombs, where the Criminal Court House stands to-day, at White and Centre Streets, was a huge freight depot. The only passenger station of the New York Central Railroad in New York was at Thirtieth Street and Eleventh Avenue—a location now practically out of the world.

Had any one prophesied the changes that have since come he would have been deemed a visionary. Fifty years are, after all, not such a very long period, but fifty years have changed things so completely in New York that, looking backward, it is almost impossible to give a picture of the things as they were and as they are to-day. If, with the comparatively limited resources, scientific, mechanical, financial and industrial, that have been at our disposition since 1850, we have made such strides, what is going to happen in the next fifty years, when our scientific, mechanical, financial and industrial resources are unlimited?

New York collects in taxes each year almost as much as the city's total wealth of fifty years ago amounted to. Necessarily, her expenditure in all directions must be proportionately greater than it ever was. I believe there will come a time when the largest part of the entire Island of Manhattan will be given up to business. Our commerce will grow to such an enormous extent that the wholesale district will be well up to Central Park, and the retail centre will be north of One Hundred and Tenth Street. We have seen the retail stores go up, and still farther up, and the process is certain to continue.

Only ten years ago Fourteenth Street was the main shopping street. To-day it is Twenty-third. Forty-second Street is given up entirely to stores, where ten years ago it was practically all residences. One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, from end to end, is given up to business. One of the largest department stores in the country is located there.

As the Underground Railroad draws people uptown, this development is bound to continue. The only difference is that its progress will be much

(*Concluded on Page 19*)

E. 80th St. E. 79th St.

MASTERS OF MEN

By Morgan Robertson

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"You have been fighting, sir," said the officer, assuming a stern expression of face

DRAWN BY GEORGE G. DOS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Justification had come to Dick Halpin too late. For the boys who had ill-treated him, the teacher who had misjudged him, the scholars who had snubbed him, and the guardian who had persistently shown him nothing but ill will, he had only resentment and disgust. Now that he had enlisted in the navy it mattered little that his name should be cleared in the town he had left, for in the time of his disgrace none of them had been willing to do him the justice now forced on them. Only little Bessie Fleming had believed in him.

TENTH CHAPTER

THERE was smothered excitement throughout the ship. A boy had run up the gun-deck main-hatch ladder three steps at a time, dodged forward and mounted the fore-hatch ladder to the spar-deck at the same speed; then he had sped to the closed-in space on the forecastle. Another boy had followed, then another; and there was that in their faces to induce men and boys lounging on the deck and sitting in ports to close books with a snap, to put away sewing-gear or hurriedly finish tasks they had "sogered" at and join the streams of blue-jackets crowding up from below.

Ensign Breen, officer of the deck, shivering at the gangway in a closely-buttoned overcoat, saw the commotion and mustering of men and boys, and turned his back. He was a young man, not twenty-four, with a pleasant face, as brown as a Caucasian's may become—nearly as brown as his hair and cheery eyes; for he was just back from a tropic station, and had not yet bleached out or grown accustomed to the wintry chill of this navy-yard berth.

"Who is it this time, Quartermaster?" he asked of a big man who stood near him.

"Don't know both, sir," answered the quartermaster, touching his cap; "but one of 'em's my boy. He's lickin' all hands as fast as they'll take it."

"What's his name?"

"Halpin, sir; apprentice. He's one of the Maine's crowd. I'm his guardian."

"Halpin? I've noticed him. What's his grudge against all hands?"

"No grudge, sir. But you see, when he shipped four years ago he was an under-built little runt, and every small scrapper in the ship who could box thought it right and proper to soak Dick because he was a red-head. He'd fight 'em, but always got done up, until the cap'n o' the hold and a few more of us noticed his quick movements and trained him in boxing. Then came his turn, and he had all the fun. He was cock-o'-the-walk 'fore he went to Newport. He isn't quarrelsome, sir; but there's a lot o' strange men in from the Southern station, and the buckoes among 'em don't know Dick, and he looks so soft and innocent that they begin rubbing his fur wrong way, and then they get surprised."

The young officer smiled, and looked at his watch. It was the first dog-watch, and there was twenty minutes before the time for the next disturbance of the ship's company—mess formation.

"Bronson," he said in a tone that the orderly and messenger boy at the gangway could not hear, "go forward and watch it unofficially. Report the result to me. Don't let it go too far, though."

"Very good, sir," answered the quartermaster with a grin. He left the bridge, went forward and crowded his way into a circle of fully a hundred men and boys surrounding two, who, stripped to undershirts, were resting after a round and listening to advice from their seconds. One was Dick Halpin, twenty years old, five feet ten inches in height, square-shouldered, full-chested, with his freckles drowned in darker tan, and his hair changed by the action of the sun and wind to a color which might be called coppery, but never red. It was uncut and wavy—too long for a landsman careful of his personal appearance; but it formed an agreeable border to his sunburned face and harmonized peculiarly with his gray eyes.

His antagonist was taller and heavier, but slower, as evidenced by his well-marked face and hard breathing. The fight, short as it had been, was nearly finished when Bronson arrived. As he elbowed his way to the front rank of excited and whispering onlookers, time was called, and the combat resumed. The larger man struck wildly and heavily, making no effort to guard, but not a blow reached the agile, writhing, whirling body of the other, who dodged and ducked, sprang forward and back, planting light, stinging and exasperating taps on his face and breast with almost the quickness of a rattlesnake's stroke—smiling through it all. Three times Dick circled around, then, seeing an opening in the lax guard of his tired opponent, he sent his right fist, with the weight of the body behind, squarely under his ear. The impact lifted the man, large as he was, off his feet, and he fell heavily to the deck. Time was called as he began to move.

A pent-up hubbub broke loose. The enthusiasm, though softly expressed, was genuine and heartfelt. Boys surrounded Dick and shook hands, glad of the privilege. Bronson clapped him on the back with a force that made him wince, and then disappeared. "Bully for Dick—Cock-o'the walk, now, hey, Dick," said the boys. "Dick's a Greco-Romo-boxo-wrastlo—Dick'll be Jimmy Legs yet—no, he won't—not over two hours—he'd be disrated—Dick, you want to do up Jimmy Legs next; he got me two hours guard duty—go for him, Dick." A small boy, the pet scamp of the ship, dragged a larger boy up to Dick and said: "Lick my brother for me, Dixie. He's too fresh. Lick him and I'll be your clerk and cut the notches. Dick's got a stick full o' notches." And Dick, putting on his shirt, smiled, but said nothing.

The defeated one painfully arose to his feet and the crowd pushed them together. Dick extended his hand.

"It's all right, Halpin," said the other as he took it. "You've done me up fair and square; and I knew you were workin' up to it—knew it four years ago."

"No, Billson, you're wrong. I'm working up, yes; but not for you. I never held a grudge against any one in the navy—or against any one who'd fight fair. I only thought you and I ought to have it out."

"It's all right, Dick; I guess you're best man aboard now."

"Best man," laughed Dick; "Bronson could shut his hand on the pair of us."

The crowd was dispersing, and Dick descended to the gun-deck where he belonged, while Billson sought the galley and the cook's ministrations toward the improving of his damaged countenance. Fighting, though against the written and spoken rules of the service, is sometimes winked at in a ship holding five hundred men and boys, the officers feeling that it is often better for two who disagree to go through a short, sharp and decisive appeal to fists—at the end of which both may shake hands—than for one to develop a bullying spirit and the other a needless sense of injury. Both are inimical to their efficiency. But, though Billson had fought this battle with an animus born of dislike and jealousy, Dick, on the contrary, had entered it with a joke on his lips and a laugh on his face.

There was a settled, cheerful light in his gray eyes that had not been there in his schooldays, as though he felt kindly toward the small world he was conquering. As Bronson had testified, his first days in the training-ship were grievous ones—marked by cuffs, kicks and insults from boys he could pick up and carry—until he had learned to defend himself. Then came a hard-fought battle with an Irish maintopman and a victory which made the next enemy easier to face. For six months after this, until his transfer to the Newport Torpedo Station, his dog-watches were spent either in boxing practice in the forehold, or in settling disputes of the day on the forecastle.

He had easily passed the final examination in the ship's school when he enlisted, but this did not deprive him of his love of books or of his studious habits. He became almost a daily patron of the ship's library, and in the only compulsory studies, seamanship and gunnery, he advanced rapidly, tutored by his friend and guardian, Bronson. He had boxed the compass in one lesson, had stationed a gun-crew in two, and had learned the parts of the ship and the knots and hitches used in lashing hammocks and housing awnings in a week. He also learned things not prescribed by the regulations, such as the tricks necessary in the navy to escape unpleasant duty. The difference between the apothecary's clerk and the executive officer, and the minimum of respect which would satisfy the latter, he had learned in one harrowing interview. But at the end of a month he applied for examination, and became a second-class apprentice with a new bag and hammock number, which transferred him from the after-guard to the maintop.

His friction with his mates reacted on his mind, giving him, as he acquired dominion over them, an easy confidence in himself and a decision of speech which brought him local promotion—he was made boy-captain of the maintop. And Dick's rule over the half-hundred boys in the maintop was kindly, yet thorough. He never reported for punishment a boy who refused obedience to an order; he repeated the order to a second boy, and later on used the first in his fist practice. But he had little trouble of this kind; his wonderful quickness of motion and growing proficiency with his fists impressed the whole ship's company, and made the majority his friends. Boys liked the genial, composed fellow who would hit them hard with a smile on his face, hit them harder through the consequent fight, and smilingly advise them on their weak points when he had defeated them. There was one boy, however, with whom Dick did not, during his probationary period, come to satisfactory conclusions. It was Billson, an apprentice, then captain of the forecastle, who, on Dick's bewildering first day on board, had chased him aft with clouts and unkind words. He was the champion boxer among the boys, and Dick had wisely avoided a second meeting until sure of himself; but before this had come his transfer to the Newport Torpedo Station for further instruction in torpedo work and rifled gun practice, and Billson's transfer to a sea-going cruiser. Six months at Newport made Dick a first-class apprentice and he was sent to the Alliance, sloop-of-war, in which he made a cruise and mastered the sea duties of a sailor in a square-rigged vessel—steering, handling of sail, sending yards and masts up and down, and the usual boat, fire and collision drill. Then a year in the big steel cruiser Chicago and another in the new battleship Maine had finished him, and he was back to the receiving-ship Vermont, a passed-seaman apprentice, trained and paid by the Government to fight, and to use as weapons fists, clubs, cutlasses, pistols, rifles, machine guns, rapid-fire guns, turret guns and Whitehead torpedoes. And here he had found old shipmates of four years ago, among them Bronson and Billson, and had polished off the latter at the instigation of the former, who loved the boy as he would a son, and whose mind retained a vivid picture—painted by Dick—of a scene on a ball-ground, where his boy had been kicked about by four others. Bronson often talked of this scene at the petty officers' mess, and hoped fervently that it should be given him to be on hand when that boy returned and met the four. It was to this end that he had arranged for Dick's training in the first days, and had now egged him on to try conclusions with the skilled Billson as a last test of his prowess.

Dick was not revengeful. The bitterness of his last days at home had long left his mind, but the punishment of those boys had been so thoroughly impressed on his mind as a duty he owed to himself and his calling, that he looked forward to it with the same expectant equanimity with which he would anticipate a coming fight on the forecastle or a transfer to another ship.

As for George Arthur, his fate and punishment, in Bronson's mind, were so clearly a matter for Providence to attend to, that he was seldom thought of.

ELEVENTH CHAPTER

DICK had no sooner reached the lower gun-deck after the fight with Billson than the stentorian voice of the chief boatswain's mate came down the hatchway: "Halpin, Halpin—pass the word for seaman Halpin to report to the officer of the deck."

The cry was taken up and repeated, echoing forward and aft on three decks; before it had ceased Dick was touching his cap to Mr. Breen.

"You have been fighting, sir," said the officer, assuming a stern expression of face.

"Yes, sir."

"I hear that you are the most quarrelsome character on board—that you are continually fighting and abusing your shipmates."

"I didn't know that, sir," said Dick soberly.

"You began when you enlisted, I have heard, to thrash every boy weaker than yourself."

"No, sir, I did not. They thrashed me—all who wanted to. It's very easy to get into a row, sir."

"And since then you've thrashed them; is that it?"

Dick noticed a quiver at the corners of Mr. Breen's mouth, and answered boldly: "I just finished the last of that crowd, sir; we had words this morning over brass work."

The officer hummed a tune softly while he studied the brown back of Bronson, busily engaged in looking unconcerned, yet taking in every word.

"Where is your home, Halpin?" he asked, after a searching look into Dick's face.

"I have none, sir; I came from Allville, up near the State line."

"Allville," repeated the officer, half to himself. "Halpin," he said earnestly, "quit this fighting. It works against you in the long run. I've noticed you around the decks and have heard good reports of you from the officers of the Maine. The New York will want a draft soon. I shall go in her and may be able to have you placed."

"The New York—thank you, sir. I hear it's the Mediterranean."

Editor's Note—Masters of Men began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 23.

"Either that or the South Pacific; but it's a desirable berth."

"How long before the draft, sir?"

"A couple of weeks."

"Then I'd better apply for my liberty at once, sir. I'm entitled to a week."

"Go ahead—and be good."

Dick saluted and returned to the gun-deck with a very high opinion of Mr. Breen. After supper, when Bronson was off duty, he sought him, and they had a conversation which so affected the big quartermaster that he applied for liberty in the morning and went ashore. When he returned, forty-eight hours later, he was accompanied by two marines from the gate guard, who steered him to the officer of the deck, and reported his misconduct—blowing smoke in the faces of the guard, bumping the sergeant's head against a stone wall, and using language disrespectful to the Marine Corps and unbecoming a petty officer of the navy. For which Bronson, though extremely repentant, had his shore leave stopped for a month.

"And I can't go along, Dick," he groaned. "I can only give my blessing."

And not only his blessing, but sound advice and superintendence did he give, with the result that Dick, who would have journeyed home alone, was induced to take with him an appreciative and enthusiastic squad of youngsters. "Not to stick your oars in," Bronson enjoined upon them, "or to stand in his way; it's his funeral. You're a guard of honor—you're to prevent more than three jumping on him at once." And so, when a liberty crowd of a hundred men and boys marched out of the navy yard a few mornings later, twelve of them waited with Dick outside until the rest had scattered into adjoining streets; then boarding a bridge car, and arriving at the New York side, took an elevated train uptown to the Grand Central Station, where Dick bought excursion tickets for all, and handed them around. They were on three days' liberty. They had been carefully selected on their records from a hundred eager applicants by the discriminating Bronson. They were devoted to Dick, and each felt a respect for himself and his calling based on his training in the service, and a chronic sense of injury which came only of his parentage; for all but Dick were Irish-born—Mulligans, they were called—and Dick himself inherited red hair, which is conducive to latent pugnacity, at least.

Truly, Bronson had chosen wisely. There were Casey, Sullivan, O'Toole and Devlin, shipmates of Dick on the Maine; Shannon and Doyle from the Atlanta; Billson, whose first name was Dennis, from the Chicago; and Webster, Scanlon, Killroy, Keegan and Kerrigan from the Miantonomah. All wore the cap ribbons of their last ships; all were in shirt-sleeves—for, the weather being fine, the uniform of the day had not included pea-coats—and all, except Dick, who paid carfare and expenses, were penniless, and for this reason had not been off the cob-dock for months. Thirteen bronzed, active, muscular young sailors on liberty—thirteen unleashed terriers—were invading a quiet country town.

At the station, while waiting for the train, Dick had his first misgivings. Kerrigan would borrow a dollar of him and treat the crowd, and, being denied the pleasure, threatened to "shake him," and only changed his mind when he was sternly directed by Dick to "clear out." Then Dick delivered a short lecture in the station on the wisdom of temperance, and advised those who would not take orders from him and submit to his management of the job to stay behind. He would much rather go home alone, he said, as he had left town with a good reputation, and was a little ashamed of the company he was now in. This, with Dick's known superior education and habitual correctness of speech, impressed them. They reproved Kerrigan, and, vowing good conduct and obedience, passed through the gate and boarded the train, which, at one o'clock in the afternoon, landed them at Allville.

The first thing, of course, was something to eat, and Dick marshaled them across the street and into the dining-room of what had been the Allville House, but which now, with new paint and larger sign and barroom, was the Hotel Morrisey. "Dinner for thirteen," he ordered of a waiter as they seated themselves, "and bring me the bill in advance."

"Now, boys," he said, as he pocketed the change, "I shall hurry through and find the lay of the land, while you wait here. Understand me—no drinking; you've got no money, but you might be treated. Take cigars."

They said they would. Dick bolted his dinner and hurried out, passing in the door a red-faced man in an alpaca coat and immaculate shirt-front. This man looked after him as though he would have spoken; then, spying the party at the table, bounded toward them.

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

Thirteen bronzed, active, muscular young sailors on liberty—thirteen unleashed terriers—were invading a quiet country town

TWELFTH CHAPTER

DICK passed into the business street of the town—where familiar faces peered at him. But none recognized in the bare-throated, sunburned sailor, swinging along with a man's vigorous stride, the under-sized, freckled schoolboy who had disappeared under a cloud. On his part, he did not care to make himself known. There were changes in the town—a trolley line had been established, and new buildings replaced some that he remembered. The town had become a city; a new city hall arose in the park, with a police station on the lower floor; a bright-fronted theatre faced the park on a side street, and next it was a Salvation Army barracks, while a red brick building, with blue-shirted men lounging in the open doorway, through which could be seen a fire-engine and hose-cart, testified further to the prosperity of the town. These changes pained him. It was no home-coming to Dick; he had loved the scenes of his boyhood.

"Ought to see Aunt Mollie first," he mused as he reached the residence portion, "but I won't—not till evening. She'd keep me too long. Here's Bessie's street—if she still lives there."

He was in a side street and soon reached one of a row of Queen Anne cottages—the kind which dominates all others in the suburbs of American cities. There was a brighter, more cared-for look to all of them than there had been, and especially did the one before him indicate the prosperity of its owner. The fence had been removed, flower-beds and neat gravel walks had been laid out on the broad, well-kept lawns. From within came the sound of piano music.

"Bessie had no piano," he said; "but she liked music. Wonder if the old man's made his pile. I'll see."

He mounted the steps, opened the outer door and touched a button inside. "Electric bells," he muttered.

The music ceased and was followed by the patter of light feet; then the door swung open and a young lady was facing him—a fluffy-haired creature with pink-and-white cheeks, who looked at him with wide-open, surprised eyes.

"Hello, Bessie," he said cheerily; "how are you? I've come—why, Bessie, don't you know me?"

"I—really——" she began doubtfully, while she drew back into the hallway. "I—why, Dick—Dick Halpin—where did you come from?"

"Ran away from home, and nobody knows where he went."

"Good—thank you, Bessie. You're a brick—you're a full-powered newspaper—and, oh, by the way, where's young Arthur?"

"Didn't you hear? He went to the Naval Academy over three years ago. He was sent to a preparatory school just after you left."

Dick whistled softly. "And some time I'll have to take orders from that," he muttered.

"I'm really grateful, Bessie," he continued seriously as he arose to go. "I came only on business, and you've helped me tremendously."

"You came on business?" she queried; "and have catechised me as you pleased, but you've told me nothing of yourself. Where have you been all these years? Did you bring any message?"

"Message—no, Bessie, who from? I wanted to see you."

Without knowing why, Dick saw that she was immensely relieved. She smilingly invited him to sit down again.

"I'm in a hurry now, Bessie," he answered. "But I'll call again this evening."

"I haven't invited you to call this evening." His face straightened a little. She saw it, and said gently: "You see, I have an engagement."

"Oh, all right; I'll hunt another sweetheart."

"Yes; then try Mabel again," she said sweetly. "She's a lovely girl now. Nothing like what she was when—when she wasn't worth powder to blow her up."

THIRTEENTH CHAPTER

DICK'S face flamed. He had resolutely put Mabel from his mind, and even the mention and thought of her brother bore no relation to the memory he cherished of his boyish regard for her. He would not have spoken of her; but Bessie had broken his guard, and with the sound of her name came an eager desire to hear of her, which contrasted painfully with his humiliation; for how could Bessie quote from his letter if it had not become public property?

"So she showed you that, did she?" he said at last.

"No, she did not," said Bessie from the depths of a sofa, where she had collapsed in her laughter. "But as my most intimate friend she quoted to me your opinion of her. Oh, 'I love you, and you are not worth powder to blow you up!'" And Bessie was again overcome.

"Well, have it out with yourself, Bessie," he said painfully; "and then tell me. How is she? I haven't heard of her since I left."

Bessie arose and laughed no more. His face forbade it; but she was still woman enough to tease him.

"She is very well, I believe, and at home now. I may see her to-morrow. Would you like to send a message by me? No? Well, I shall say that I've seen you, anyway. She would be delighted to meet you again, I know."

"Of course," the girl went on with feminine maliciousness, "Mabel is enormously popular. She came out last year, and she has lawyers, doctors, literary men, artists, well—all kinds of men, in her train, with a few millionaires thrown in."

"And she," he began awkwardly.

"She—well," purred Bessie, "there is Mr. Breen, of the navy—have you met him?"

"Breen—Ensign Breen?" repeated Dick.

"Yes, Ensign Breen. She met him before her début, and his chance should be good. He is a sailor. Her first love-letter came from a sailor, and he will get the reflected benefit."

She advanced with a smile of genuine welcome in her face and extended her hand. Then she invited him in and seated him in one corner of the parlor and herself in another, where she studied his face with a half-smiling, half-nervous expectancy on her own.

"Anna is at school to-day," she said at last, "and mamma is downtown. They'll be home soon, and be glad to see you."

"All right. Now, Bessie, tell me the news. What's happened? Going to school yet?"

"Yes," she answered demurely. "But I'm home to-day because I expect—I expected—company. Your class graduates in a few days, and they will have their commencement exercises in the new theatre."

"Entertainment—oratory—singing and all that?"

"Yes, and Will Simpson, you know—you remember him—is valedictorian."

"He is, eh—um-humph. Where's Tom Allen now, Bessie? At school?"

"Yes; he graduates, too."

"Tom Brandes and Ned Brown?"

"Graduates. But why, what's the matter with them?"

"One more, Bessie, please. Where's Pig Jones?"

For the purpose of further tormenting him, Bessie had said too much. Dick knew the pay and marriage value of an Ensign, aside from the element of love, which would have reached a definite point in less than two seasons. This had flashed through his brain without process of reason. But what hardened him was the thought of the vast social gulf between himself and the Ensign, between a sailor before the mast and a commissioned officer.

"Bessie," he said with a mock courtesy and recklessness born of his conflicting emotions, "were I worthy, I should extend through you my congratulations to Miss Arthur on her conquest. Were I in a position to advise, I should caution her to beware of naval officers—especially Ensigns. They do not earn as much as the ship's cook, and their wives take in washing to clothe them.

"I must go, Bessie," he went on, after a moment's pause. "Mr. Breen and I will go out in the New York. If you like, I'll write you occasionally and give you the news. Will you answer a letter now and then?"

(Continued on Page 23)

XUM

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of more than 300,000 copies weekly.

IT WAS pleasant to see the great State of Massachusetts paying many political honors to Senator Hoar. Often the Senator's opinions clash with those of his own people. But he has had the courage of his conscience, and it turns out that even those who differed from him respected him all the more. This is so fine as to be almost ideal. If States would only keep such men as their senatorial representatives at Washington we should be saved many unpleasant complications, and the expenses of sailing the Ship of State would be materially decreased.

One thing that we like about Senator Hoar is his fine optimism. Another thing is his courage to call things by their right names. For instance, in the speech before the Legislature he said: "The whipping-post, the branding on the forehead, the cropping of the ears, the scourging at the cart's tail, are light punishments for the rich man who would debauch a State, whether it be an old State with an honorable history or a young and pure State in the beginning of its history."

And there is not an honest man in the country who does not involuntarily exclaim, Amen!

City Provincialism versus Country Culture

DURING the last national campaign a candidate for office remarked that people of the Eastern cities are the most provincial of the whole United States. Strange as the statement may sound, there is, without doubt, an element of truth in it which must strike one who is familiar with the various sides of American life. The chief ingredient of this metropolitan provincialism is self-sufficiency. The average New Yorker is, comparatively speaking, oblivious to the existence of an America outside of three small islands and the Borough of Bronx. He goes downtown in the morning reading the "city edition" of one or more newspapers. The "city edition" contains city news, foreign news, and correspondence from Washington. It ignores, to all intents and purposes, our great West and Middle West, the half continent of British Empire on our north, and all other parts of the world save where war or other turmoil demands attention. His ideas of the American people beyond the limits of Greater New York are derived from his contact with the farmers who bring fresh vegetables to the summer hotel, and from caricatures in the funny papers.

This picture may be just a little overdrawn, but it represents the type of Eastern man who is so numerous as fairly to approach the average. The tendency is a secularized Phariseeism which leads one to be thankful that he is not as men beyond the corporate limits of his city, or, better still, it is the strange narrowness which leads the Chinaman to be glad that he was born in the Middle Kingdom and not in one of the dark and uncivilized regions beyond.

Now, look at the men of the Western or Mid-Western towns. Their locality, their state, and to some extent their whole country come in for a share of study. At the same time, magazines and papers of the East are theirs. They catch the atmosphere of the Bowery and know the subjectivity of Chimmie Fadden. They feel the thrill of the worn-out office worker who strays into Central Park to watch the gray squirrels and smile at the youthful yachtsmen. They grasp the innermost workings of the Tammany ring and discuss the prospects of success that lie before the latest reform movement. To them the view of America as a whole is fairly definite. To the Eastern man of the type under discussion it is vague and distorted.

Cross the Canadian border and we find the same tendency carried farther. The American may have a very definite idea of his own country and such portions of the world beyond as are called into prominence by political upheaval. But his knowledge of his Northern neighbors stops with such facts as were gleaned from ancient geographies. His newspapers have said little of the doings of the Dominion, and his visual image of British America is apt to be a hazy mixture of ice, snow, rocks and forest, with some sort of oppressive political system. But across the border the Canadian knows not only the doings of his Dominion but of the whole Empire to which it belongs, and not only of his own portion of America but of the great Republic to the south as well.

In both countries, too, we find a tendency to thorough and definite knowledge, increasing as we leave the cities. The city man, even in the West, may glance hurriedly at the headlines of half a dozen papers and throw them down. But out on the farm or in the village where but one daily paper comes to break the monotony, that one is read and studied. It is not a "city edition," but contains "general news" of the whole wide world. As a result of its careful study the intelligent farmer may often be able to give a city visitor points about his own town and surprise him with his thorough knowledge of the world and its doings.

All this is, of course, due mainly to natural law. The quiet and inactivity of the remoter towns are compensated by a better perspective and greater thoroughness. Nevertheless there is material for thought in the fact, and the man of the metropolis who is wise will do well to realize that, however important he and his town may be, there is a great beyond where men think and act, where there are great forces at work moulding future religion, ethics and politics. He will do well to realize that no one is capable of making of himself such a foolish spectacle as he who is sufficient unto himself, and that no one is so laughable as he who goes abroad from the metropolis assuming that those among whom he walks are a part of the heathen tribes beyond the light of the Middle Kingdom. —LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

Expansion is an interesting word which means that the cost expands more than the profits.

Adding a Twenty-Fifth Hour to the Day

A FEW months ago one of the large food firms in a Western city, appreciating the full value of American enterprise, began to experiment upon the saving of time in the plucking of fowls. The result was inevitable. Any one who has tried to pick the feathers from a healthy hen or an active goose, or even from a progressive turkey, has felt periods of discouragement, and when all these things are lengthened, and when they involve thousands of fowls and thousands of people, the loss of time becomes almost incalculable. Hence arises the necessity for a machine into which the fowl may be placed, and from which it may emerge completely undressed.

The fame of this machine went over the world, and in the solemn records of the State Department there recently appeared a serious paragraph asking for full information as to the names and addresses of the manufacturers of poultry-plucking machines, with a special statement that early replies were much desired.

The new records this country is making in the enterprise of the world are really astonishing. In the present year a pig is only a few minutes from sausage and a lively bullock a still shorter distance from roast beef. With the new machines that have been invented the fowls of the air not only do not have to know where to lay their heads, but they have no heads to lay by the time the performance is over.

Just what the next progression will be it is difficult to imagine; but we have certainly entered upon a wonderful age.

Anything that can economize the fractions of moments makes for wealth. There may come a time, of course, when too much speed will not serve; just as with the railroads, which seem to have agreed with one another that there must be an agreement in regard to time-tables. It is the same way with the steamships, and even the telegraph and telephone companies have decided that if anybody is to suffer from the harassment of the spirit due to delay it shall be the people who pay the expenses and dividends.

There were all sorts of prophecies in the Nineteenth Century about the instant doing of things, and in some respects they were fulfilled; but so long as human nature controls the destiny of the world and the methods of transportation and communication there will be certain pauses and sure complaints.

A century ago it was prophesied that within a decade people would be flying through the air. A century has passed and people still prefer trolley cars and railroad trains. The flying machine has not yet materialized in successful form. It may be coming, but has not yet arrived. There are several forms of it, but commercially it is still a failure. At the same time we are looking forward to the flying machine just as surely as our ancestors looked forward to the steamboat and the railroad train. The world grows enormously in wealth, power and civilization; but the conquest of the elements proceeds slowly.

Doubtless we shall soon be able to talk to every part of the world, to cross oceans in shorter time, and to fly through the air from limited points upon the various continents; but all these things are matters of growth, and in the meanwhile the world is a very pleasant place to live in.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Love is not blind, but sometimes it is cross-eyed.

Uncle Sam and the Horse Business

MORE than one hundred thousand head of horses and mules have been shipped from this country to South Africa since the beginning of the Boer War, and the demand is still far greater than the supply. The reason for this is not far to seek. Although the horses are the best to be had in the open market their average term of service after they reach South Africa is said not to exceed six weeks. At the height of the campaign the British troops stood in such dire need of remounts that it was impossible to acclimate the horses or to rest them after their trying sea voyage, and the result was that they died by the thousand.

The trip from New Orleans, the shipping point in this country, to Cape Town, Durban or New London, in South Africa, consumes at least a month, and the animals, in the cramped quarters which the transports afford, must cross the equator with its torrid climate during that period. The death rate on shipboard is said to be thirty-two to the thousand.

Most of the horses are purchased in Kansas City, St. Louis, and other Western horse markets, and it is estimated that they cost the British Government $360 a head to land in South Africa.

Not very many years ago indications seemed to point to horseflesh becoming a drug on the market. The street railways, which formerly used hundreds of thousands, discarded them for electricity. Bicycles became general, and the automobile cast its shadow before. As for war—well, we began to think that war was a thing of the past, and even military experts thought of cavalry as useful only for special purposes. The only United States cavalry regiment which went into action in the war with Spain—Roosevelt's Rough Riders—was sent to Cuba without its horses.

But the Boer War has taught the British and other military authorities a lesson. The old idea of a heavy cavalry "charge," such as that at Balaklava, for instance, is hardly possible under present war conditions. "Mounted infantry" has, to a certain extent, superseded cavalry. What is needed in a country like South Africa is the ability to travel quickly and easily from place to place.

Army reorganization, both in this country and in England, is assured in the near future. The needs of both services are fast becoming identical, and Uncle Sam will find himself in need of horses for his own cavalry before long. The supply of horses of the right type has never been too abundant.

Prizes have been offered for the last two years at the New York Horse Show for horses suitable for troop horses, and also for officers' chargers, but the number of entries for these classes was surprisingly small, and the quality of most of the horses was decidedly not what it should have been.

Would it not, therefore, behoove our Government to take a hint from Germany, the greatest of all military powers, and do something to encourage the production of horses of the proper type for military use? No safer industry could be imagined. A horse which is good enough to bear the U. S. A. brand is good enough for many other purposes, and should Government demand fail, there would always be a market for such animals for carriage use, for the saddle, or for business purposes. —ALFRED STODDART.

Now that Congress has adjourned let us all be thankful that the country is still in the hands of its owners.

The Things that Money Can't Buy

A COLLEGE president recently said in an address: "College professors are miserably paid. The full professor in a New York State college gets, on an average, a salary equal to that of a railroad engineer, and an assistant professor the same as a fireman, while an instructor is equally rewarded with a brakeman."

Measured in dollars and cents this is probably true, but what does it prove? Supposing that the railroad men should even receive more than a college instructor (the president of a railroad usually receives more than the president of a college), has anything yet been proved? Is the reward a college professor receives to be judged wholly by the size of the check? Are the advantages of a college education all financial? President Patton, of Princeton, when asked the question, why a young man should go to college, gave two reasons: first, that a young man should have a higher aim in life than mere money-getting; second, that a man should try to make the most of himself. Two somewhat similar reasons might be given in reply to the question, why a man should teach in college. Only in this case the teacher is trying to make the most, not of himself, but of his students.

American colleges are not money-making institutions. Every college in the country gets more money into the student than he pays in tuition fees and college expenses. The professor who quietly declines the offer of a larger salary in some other institution and continues to teach in his alma mater, must find his greatest emolument in his love for his work and the affection of his students. For obvious reasons the financial side must, to some extent, be considered, but a worse thing could hardly befall the colleges than that men should seek professorships for the salaries alone. The professor in the chair and the minister in the pulpit, who are there solely for the purpose of making money, have mistaken their calling! —JAMES MELVIN LEE.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

PHOTO. BY BRADFORD, NEW YORK

Miss Clara L. Clemens

Mark Twain and the Serpent's Tooth

Mark Twain's daughter, Miss Clara L. Clemens, in entering upon her career as a concert singer, had a long conference with a manager. Many matters were discussed, plans made and details settled, Miss Clemens dictating her own ideas. The young singer, who had experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining parental consent to a public career, showed her earnestness by the businesslike manner in which she looked into affairs.

When matters had been fully considered and the manager was about to leave, Miss Clemens said, with the large determination that small bodies not infrequently possess:

"I wish it distinctly understood that my father's name is not to be mentioned at all in connection with my singing in public."

Mark Twain, who had been sitting in the room during the interview, in which, however, he had taken no part, looked up quizzically and said with a twinkle in his eyes:

"You see what it is to have a thankless child."

An Exaggerated Death Notice

Hon. John A. Kasson, Special Reciprocity Commissioner of the United States, had the unusual experience the other day of seeing how his friends would receive the news of his death. He is one of the governors of the Metropolitan Club, in Washington. He was at the Department of State when the news of Queen Victoria's death reached there, and, learning that the Federal buildings were to half-mast their flags, stepped to the nearest telephone to notify the club of what had happened. His ring was answered by one of the club stewards, a new employee. The wires were working badly that day.

"Hello!" called Mr. Kasson. "The Queen has just died. Lower the club flag to half-mast, and put up a bulletin making the announcement."

"Who is it?" came back rather huskily. "Stand a little nearer the telephone. I can't make out all you say."

"Who is it?" echoed the Commissioner, shouting. "It is Mr. Kasson—John A. Kasson—one of the governors of the club. It's all right. Do as I tell you."

"Oh!" answered the steward. "Now I hear a little better. Thank you. I'll give the message to the clerk."

"Very well," said Mr. Kasson. "Good-by!" And he hung up the receiver and rang off.

After dictating a note or two and clearing his desk of a few accumulated papers, Mr. Kasson put on his hat and overcoat and strolled over to the club to see what the evening papers had about the sad intelligence from London. He found the flag at half-mast, and a general air of mourning pervaded the outside of the building. Within, he noticed a group of club members gathered around the bulletin-board, making comments in subdued voices. Nobody noticed his approach till he touched one of the men on the outside fringe of the group. The man turned, gasped, stammered, and clutched his next neighbor by the arm. The second man wheeled and stared at Mr. Kasson with a suddenly blanched face and open mouth. As the two fell back, the Commissioner got near enough to the board to read:

"The Hon. John A. Kasson, for many years an honored member of the club and one of its governors, died to-day. The news was received by telephone, but without particulars. A special meeting of the Board of Governors has been called for this evening at eight o'clock to take appropriate action."

It took Mr. Kasson about three seconds to tear down the bulletin, but as many hours, or more, to explain to interested friends how it all happened.

Why the Governor Mended the Road

The new Governor of Missouri is Mr. Alexander Monroe Dockery, for many years a prominent figure in Congress. Governor Dockery is a politician who frequently practices what he preaches. He preaches the doctrine of complete citizenship. He believes that a man should serve on a jury when called upon to do so, that he should pay taxes fully and faithfully, and that he should vote as regularly and frequently as the law allows. Not long ago he spoke of some of these ideas to one of his constituents in Gallatin, Missouri, whereupon the citizen, regarding his Congressman somewhat familiarly, said:

"That's all right for you to talk in that way, Aleck, but what if you were asked to work out your poll-tax on the road, as many men do out here?"

"I won't wait to be asked," the coming Governor exclaimed. "I'll do it anyhow."

And, sure enough, it wasn't long until Mr. Dockery, with sleeves rolled up, was busy in the clay in support of his notions of good citizenship.

Senator Hanna as a Marriage Broker

There was a promise made by Senator Mark A. Hanna before the reëlection of President McKinley that has never been fulfilled.

The person to whom the promise was made has never asked for its fulfillment, though the conditions under which it was made have come about, and the witness to the agreement was no less a person than President McKinley.

That Senator Hanna is able to fulfill the promise there is no doubt; for Ohio abounds in rich young men, and the young woman in question has a straight back—for Mr. Thackeray said that any woman with intelligence, who wasn't a hunchback, could marry if she wanted.

The promise was made under happy conditions. It was at Canton, Ohio, at the house of President McKinley, when the air was filled with warm autumn sunshine, and affairs politically were going merrily and well, and the President and Senator Hanna were taking an hour of ease.

A young woman journalist, who represented an Eastern paper, was in Canton telegraphing her daily "story" to her paper. She was leaving that afternoon for the East, and had been sitting with Mrs. McKinley, talking over things domestic and playing with the children, who were always hanging around "Auntie 'Tinley," as every Canton child calls the wife of the President.

The President and Senator Hanna walked down to the train with her. The Senator told her that she had no right to be in newspaper work; that Southern girls, above all others, should have a husband and a home.

"Very good," said the young woman, "and I agree with you. I have no sentimental view about bettering the world by writing, or new-fangled ideas about a woman having public positions; but I am a wage-earner, as half the Southern girls must be, to help support relatives."

"Well, you ought to be married," insisted the Senator, and the President agreed with him. "I don't like to see women in journalism; I don't like to see them earning a living, if they can help it; a woman's place is out of public life, and if a woman is clever enough to fill a good position on a big paper, she's far too good for that position, and she should use that cleverness in getting a good, rich husband."

"Suppose she doesn't know any rich man," the newspaper woman suggested.

"Well, I know plenty, and I'll get you one," said the Senator. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We three will make a bargain right here. If President McKinley is reëlected I'll get you a rich, single man. The three shook hands and parted.

The President was reëlected. Senator Hanna knows many a rich, single man in Ohio. But the girl remains unmarried.

Mr. Long, the Linguist of the Cabinet

The metrical translation of the Æneid, by Mr. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, put out by one of the publishing houses, is a surprise to the public, but not to the Secretary's intimate friends.

The President and the members of the Cabinet have known for the last four years that the Secretary of the Navy is one of the ablest of Latin scholars.

Mr. Long is a reserved man, modest in regard to his own attainments, and so the public has never found out what a remarkable scholar is at the head of the Navy Department. He has a fine library, has a rare knowledge of old editions, and speaks and writes Latin with the ease and fluency of English. He is one of the few men who can deliver an entire address in classical Latin.

His knowledge of Latin has often been called upon by the Administration, but it was when he was Governor of Massachusetts that he made his translation of the Æneid and of the Odes of Horace.

His memory is as remarkable as his knowledge, and he can quote Virgil in Latin or in an English translation without hesitation, and can continue from page to page.

Latin is his specialty and Virgil is his hobby; but outside of this his knowledge of the classics, his familiarity with the dead languages, and his memory combine to make him the greatest scholar in the Administration, and one of the most scholarly men in public life. He is a graduate of Harvard, and that university recently gave him the degree of LL. D.

PHOTO. BY WINDGATT, CHICAGO

Mr. Theodore Thomas

Theodore Thomas' Rural Critic

The present season marks the thirty-fifth year in which Mr. Theodore Thomas has toured the United States at the head of a musical organization. His personality is especially interesting from the fact that his peculiarities are of a kind more frequently found among great generals, political leaders and captains of industry than among musicians.

Punctuality is one of his most conspicuous traits. So unswerving is he in this particular that his lieutenants and those members of his organization most ambitious to stand high in his regard have adopted the rule of being on hand fifteen minutes in advance of the appointed time at all important engagements in which Mr. Thomas is personally concerned. It is said that one member of the orchestra determined to achieve the novel distinction, in the course of an annual tour, of arriving at the railway station, ready for departure, before Mr. Thomas should appear. Several times he attempted this feat, but always found the leader there before him. This time, however, he walked into the station thirty minutes before starting time. But there, inside of the waiting-room, was Mr. Thomas!

Mr. Thomas is extremely systematic in the management of his orchestra. At rehearsals and performances his first act is to draw from his pocket a card on which are written the names of the men for whom he has some special instructions, with brief hints of the character of the communications that he is to make.

Recently a newspaper sent him a written request to name the two things that should most be desired and sought after by the American people in the twentieth century. Without an instant's hesitation he wrote: "Honesty and truthfulness."

Although of serious temperament, Mr. Thomas keenly enjoys a stroke of unconscious humor. An incident which is said to have afforded him no little entertainment happened on the occasion of the visit of the orchestra to a town in Massachusetts where the organization had never before been heard. The leading citizens had put up a heavy guarantee and the appearance of the orchestra was one of the most notable events in the history of the town. The following morning the village oracle, Uncle Ezra, sauntered into the post-office and was asked his opinion of the performance.

Uncle Ezra slowly stroked his white beard and finally replied: "Strikes me it's a dum long ways t' fetch a bass drum clean from Chicago jest t' hit it once!"

Field's Fiction Better than His Facts

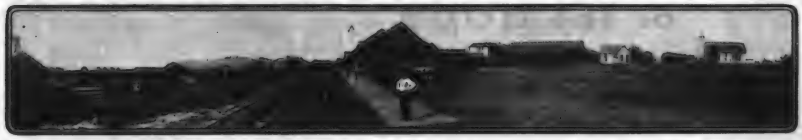
"Do you know," said a St. Louis man not long ago, "that one of the most interesting journalistic groups of a long time once worked together in our town?

"The most important man in the lot was Mr. Henry M. Stanley, now famous as the African explorer. He was a writer on the old Journal of Commerce, a paper that no longer exists. The office boy was Ernest McGaffey, to whom Chicago now points with pride as her representative poet. The third member of the staff was Stanley Huntley, whose Spoopendyke Papers once had fame, and the fourth was Mr. Stanley Waterloo, the novelist.

"About the same time Mr. Eugene Field was a promising young journalist. He was known in St. Louis as the reporter whom facts embarrassed. He always begged to be excused from writing a 'story' when the facts were well known. If there was any guessing to be done, Field wanted to do it. His account was invariably the most picturesquely interesting in town, but no jury ever accepted his newspaper 'stories' in evidence."

XUM

WITH THE GENERAL MANAGER



On an Inspection Trip Over His Railroad *By* Forrest Crissey

A GOOD standpoint from which to get a big, broad view of what true Americanism means is the business end of the private car of a General Manager out on an official inspection trip over one of the great railway systems of the West. Simplicity, directness and real democracy of the sort that makes practical recognition of the brotherhood of man are the terms in which the methods of the typical General Manager are best suggested.

Long Trips Arranged on Short Notice

The first step in the direction of an official trip is a careful consultation of the record in which are entered the dates of meetings, conferences and other important engagements with which the proposed journey must not conflict. Often, however, a trip covering thousands of miles is organized on a day's notice, and sometimes on a still closer margin of time. The sudden failure of a scheduled meeting, or the request that a conference be deferred or changed to another city—these, or a score of other unexpected developments may shift the General Manager's "open time." More than likely the official announces to the chief clerk his determination to take the trip in an informal fashion not unlike this:

"Arrange for special to leave at 8:30 to-morrow morning." He also gives a list of the various heads of departments whom he desires to accompany him. "I'll take the stenographer and his machine along, too. Send him in."

The special party usually includes all the members of the General Manager's "cabinet:" the General Superintendent, the Superintendent of Lines, the Superintendent of Motive Power, the Chief Engineer, the General Freight Agent and the General Passenger Agent. These are the main department heads of a railroad and constitute the official family of the General Manager. The call for a trip of this character generally includes the principal assistants of these departments also. Consequently the word is swiftly passed on to the Assistant General Freight Agent, the Division Freight Agent, the Division Superintendent, the Master Mechanic, the Division Engineer, the Division Road Master and the Division Train Master. Possibly, too, there are a few guests, specified by the General Manager.

Notice is at once sent the cook to select his supplies. The destination of the car and the size of the party govern its outfitting, but it is always liberally provisioned.

The "Old Man" with His Cabinet

The chief clerk and his assistant get together from the files of the office the various "plans," documents, letters and other special data that will be needed in the trip so far as such needs can be predetermined. Another assistant sends out telegrams to perhaps several score of men. These are scattered over hundreds or thousands of miles of territory, but all are vital to the plan of the trip and must "turn up" somewhere in the course of its progress. Among those sure to receive these advance notices are the superintendents, train masters, road masters and master mechanics of the divisions over which the "special" is to pass. This implies that practically every station agent, telegraph operator and section boss along the whole line hears that "the Old Man's on the road." Under ordinary circumstances no effort is made to discourage this general knowledge of the movements of the official car, as it commonly results in bringing the management of the road into closer touch with the communities upon which the line depends for patronage. Here and there, all along the line, the shipper at the country station, the business man at the larger terminal, the village delegation with a petition for a new station, and the man with a grievance or request, "happen to hear" of the General Manager's coming and are waiting to get a chance at the official car when the "special" rolls in.

One of the most difficult of the tasks involved is that of arranging for the forwarding of mail and telegrams so that they may be received with the greatest possible promptness. As the train dispatcher must, of necessity, be constantly in touch with the "special," the chief clerk, who is to remain in charge of the home office, knows he will always be able to reach the General Manager, by telegraph, by means of the dispatcher. But the problem is not so easy with regard to forwarding letters. This often requires the closest of figuring and a comprehensive knowledge of train movements over the entire system.

Farmers talking it over with the "Old Man"

Inspecting "new work" on an extension—official party in carriages

Close inspection of a new bridge

Although the General Manager knows the "special" will not pull out of the station until he arrives, he steps aboard "on the minute," and the train pulls out. No sooner has it started than the party immediately resolves itself into an informal meeting.

By common consent the two upholstered willow chairs beside the rear door, commanding a full view of the receding landscape, are left for the General Manager and the General Superintendent. But there is nothing arbitrary in the seating of the party, and every man in turn has his chance at the elbow of the General Manager, and that without any apparent plan. Turning and motioning me to take the chair next him he remarks:

"You may have noticed that everybody wears a smile this morning and that there seems to be a strong current of good-feeling in the corn belt. It's all because of the rains in the corn belt. Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Kansas have been drenched with a splendid fall of rain that came down gently and soaked in so that not a drop was wasted. From four o'clock this morning I've been receiving telegraphic reports from the great corn States. Every message tells of rains that have come just in time to insure a splendid crop, while a few hours more of drought would have made certain a terrific sacrifice of yield. I will venture to say that the rains of the last twenty-four hours have saved the jobs of 10,000 men on this system alone. Another day of rainless weather in the corn belt and orders would probably have been sent out to every department chief and superintendent to cut his payroll to the lowest possible limit in order to meet reduced earnings which must have followed the loss of the corn crop."

The "Old Man's" Ideas on Blocking

Passing the big freight yards, the alert eye of the General Manager catches sight of a huge derrick-like structure resting upon a flat car, and he inquires of the General Superintendent:

"What's the matter with that wrecker?"

"She broke her beam lifting an engine," answers the man in the other willow chair. "The trouble was that the boys didn't follow up the lift with blocking quite close enough. There was a space big enough to take in blocks as thick as three ties. When the drop came something had to give way."

"Yes," answers the General Manager; "when I was wrecking I made it a rule to follow up closely with blocking whenever we had occasion to raise a car or engine. That's the only safe way. Wouldn't it be a good thing to issue pretty positive instructions on that point?"

The General Superintendent nods his head and his superior points to a gang of trackmen and remarks:

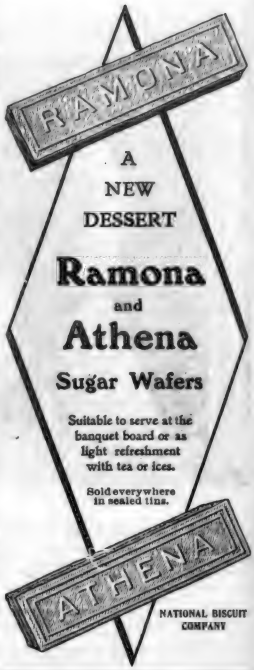
"Of course you see what they're doing? That bar, with its ends resting on the rails and its centre over the middle of the roadbed, is a spirit level for the purpose of leveling the roadbed or of giving the right elevation, as the case may demand."

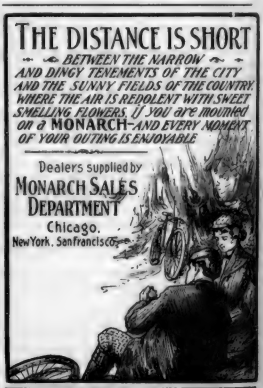
All matters of that kind are governed by well-established rules which have been worked out into tables—plain figures understood by the average section boss. Suddenly the "special" slackens speed as we approach the station of a handsome suburb and the General Passenger Agent swings aboard the rear platform. I also catch the flutter of a bunch of yellow papers passing from the upreached hand of the telegraph operator to that of the stenographer.

While the latest accession to the party is exchanging friendly greetings with his comrades, the stenographer quietly enters and distributes the messages handed up by the operator. Several of the Manila slips are for the chief of the party, whose face lights up with a glow of pleasure as he exclaims:

"It's the same story from Kansas to North Dakota—good, soaking rains! It's not

Editor's Note—This paper is an account of an official inspection trip recently taken by Mr. Crissey as the guest of Mr. W. C. Brown, General Manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. It gives a close view of a phase of railroad life with which the general public is little familiar, but concerning which there is some curiosity and interest.

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simply a question of corn; it means a fair wheat yield in sections that promised to be very light."

Then the General Manager's attention is turned to a message over which the General Superintendent and the General Passenger Agent have been debating in an undertone. The latter calls upon the stenographer for the official time cards of a certain division, and they are instantly produced from the little desk forming the back of a seat.

"They are asking us to shorten our time fifteen minutes; but the best we can do without knocking things all out at the other end is five minutes." This statement from the head of the passenger department is listened to with an assenting indifference on the part of the General Manager, who calls his stenographer and dictates a half-dozen telegrams, of varying importance and determining as many different questions.

A Glimpse of the Railroad Greenhouses

As the train pulls into Aurora, Division Headquarters, all hands are out on the station platform and the chief of the party is shaking hands with a man in blue jumpers, who halts his baggage trucks to receive the greetings of the active executive of the road. It is an honest meeting of man and man; they knew each other in the old days when the General Manager was an operator and the baggage man drew better wages than his young friend of the key. In the meeting of their eyes and the touch of their hands the change in their relative positions is absolutely obliterated.

"Here's the hot-box extinguisher I was telling you about—the invention of one of the boys in the shops," exclaims the Division Superintendent, and he points to a device which resembles a miniature hose cart. There is ground for the suspicion that the young man leaning against the post of the station shed, a few feet from the cart, knows more about the invention than he would have the official party understand, and that he is eagerly listening for a word from those in authority which will give him hope that his long hours of planning and experimenting are about to bear fruit in securing the favorable notice of the General Manager. "It looks like a practical thing," is the terse comment of the man upon whose word hang the hopes and fears of the anxious youth. He listens for something more, but the tall, silver-haired master mechanic of the shops and two younger men—the Superintendent of Motive Power and the Chief Engineer—have joined the group, and the call of "All aboard!" starts a general movement to the platforms of the "special." As the train begins to get under way again and the chimneys, the fortress-like roundhouses and the many-windowed stone buildings of the "shops" go slipping past, the glass roofs of a greenhouse come into view, and the General Manager turns to the General Passenger Agent and the Division Superintendent with the observation:

"That scheme is all right. There's no mistake about the fact that the railroad greenhouse has come to stay, and that the traveling public appreciates the sentiment of the thing, too. When I came in on 'Forty-eight,' last Friday, and saw the way in which the tables of the dining car were dressed with roses, I couldn't help feeling that we had made no mistake."

"The only trouble now," quickly urges the Division Superintendent, as he draws his chair a bit closer to that of the General Manager, "is that it isn't big enough to give us all we need in the way of cut flowers and at the same time provide the plants for the station grounds. We should have at least four more sections."

"Well," is the answer, "I see nothing out of the way in that. Go ahead with it."

While the General Superintendent and the visiting President are deep in the discussion of the "coupler problem," the General Passenger Agent tilts his chair and says to the layman of the party:

"The public may regard the inspection tour as a glorious outing, but, as a matter of fact, an official trip is good snug work from start to finish—no matter how easy and luxurious it may appear. Two or three times a year I take the agents and representatives of the passenger department over the whole system—and the time is well put in, too! Only a little time since our passenger agent in New York overheard one of his new clerks trying to sell a woman a ticket through to the coast. She would travel over our line provided its connections would give her an opportunity for a short visit with an old girlhood friend in Omaha. Instantly the agent was able to put the woman at ease—and solely because he had been in the Omaha station only a few months before and could explain the connections. He could have explained with equal definiteness the connections and the 'lay of the land' at any other terminal of the road, for he had 'been there' on the regular inspection tours of my department."

Important adjuncts to a pleasant inspection trip

The hiss of the air brakes gives warning that the train is stopping at a country station, and a peculiar pungent odor, coming in at the open door, arouses the General Manager from his reverie.

"This is one of the best shipping points for grain on this division," he says. "They've had a fire here that swept away their elevator and about twenty other business houses—a hard blow for a town of the size. That box car on the siding, over there, is the temporary station."

Before the wheels have fairly stopped turning, the General Manager, the General Freight Agent and the Assistant General Freight Agent are in consultation with a delegation of citizens. In less than five minutes an agreement is concluded by which hundreds of tons of building material are to be hauled into the stricken town at a special rate. This transaction puts new hope and courage into the faces of the local business men comprising the delegation, and one of them is heard to remark to a bystander: "I knew we'd get what we wanted if we could only get the head men out here to look things over with their own eyes and see how they stood."

Again the station operator brings out a bundle of telegrams which are distributed by the stenographer among the officials. Hastily penciled answers are returned and the official train again pushes on toward the Mississippi.

What the Sound of a Car Told

As a fast freight thunders past, the General Manager raises his voice and inquires of the Division Superintendent: "How does it happen that you don't make up your freights with the air cars next to the engine?"

"We do," is the quick answer. "The rule is eight air brakes next to the engine. It used to be only four. I think that had six."

"It struck me that the second car back was an empty non-air flat—but perhaps I was mistaken," good-naturedly observed the General Manager, knowing that his point was as well made as if his reproof had been more harshly put.

The passing of another long freight train of "empties" interrupts conversation for the moment. It is resumed by the General Manager's question:

"What's the idea of using a double-header on that train?"

"We had the engine at La Crosse extra and used her to double-head with this train in getting her back where she belongs," explains the Division Superintendent.

After the evening meal has been served the General Manager and his special guests retire to his own car. Although more luxurious in its furnishings and appointments than that of the General Superintendent, it is decidedly plain and severe by comparison with one of the coaches of the "Limited."

Incidentally I learn that there is not an official in the party who has not been with the road twelve years and that most of them have a record of twice that service. The General Superintendent started as a section boss. The Superintendent of Lines began as a telegraph operator. The Chief Engineer, General Freight Agent, Assistant General Freight Agent and Master Mechanic have all passed the thirty-year term; the others are close behind.

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Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DURING my experience in Washington I have seen our prominent men in almost every phase or mood of their public life, from grave to gay, but never till within the last week have I had a glimpse of them capering and playing pranks. This last view has been given me through the mediumship of Robert and Senator P——, who attended one of these freak dinners, so much in vogue these days, at which statesmen, foreign ministers, and officers high up on the roll of the army "capered upright like wild Moriscos." Some one has said that "all courageous animals are carnivorous." Now, I should read this the reverse way, and state that "all carnivorous animals are courageous," for it must take courage of no mean order to attend one of these dinners. For myself I should rather "sup with Pluto" outright than go through such an ordeal. But not so with the male biped. Just so soon as he hears that one of these dinners is on the tapis he is fired with ambition and desire to attend. He says: "Faith, I can cut a caper, and I can cut the mutton to't;" and he does.

Addison says that every animal but man keeps to one dish. "Man fares upon everything; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth escapes him." And this was certainly the kind of menu at this dinner, and there was not only a fine bill of fare but a fine bill of company to boot. As I turned the leaves of the witty little primer given to each guest, I said to Robert and Senator P——:

"Who were there?"

"Well, there was the club itself, made up of newspaper men; then, among the guests, were Hanna, Corbin, Root, Wu, Cortelyou, Carter, George Ade, Depew, Cameron and a lot of others."

"Do you mean to tell me," said I, looking in astonishment at the different verses illustrating the letters of the alphabet, "that Mr. Hanna did not mind this picture of himself and this verse?

"'O' is the Oc-to-pus
Of-ten-times slain,
Who bobs up se-rene-ly
And starts in a-gain.'"

Both men only laughed, and Senator P—— said: "Why, Hanna simply roared. Look at the one on Depew."

I turned the leaves and read:

"'W' starts Wind-mill
And ends in D—p—W;
The Points of Di-ver-gence
Be-tween them are few."

"How did Mr. Depew take it?" queried I in amazement.

"Why he took it in high glee. You know everybody who goes to these dinners has to put up with these things. Just look at letters 'D' and 'S.'"

"'D.' R—ch—d H—rd—ug and W—b—st—r
Both need a big 'D,'
If you had to be D—v—s,
Which one would you be?"

Then I turned to the letter "S."

"'S' stands for Sul-si-dy,
Oth-er-wise Pelf;
Mean-ing One for my Coun-try
And Two for My-Self."

I had to laugh, and then my eye caught the verse on Uncle Sam:

"'U' may start Un-cle Sam
On a Cen-tu-ry Run,
But the Lord on-ly knows
Where he'll be when it's done."

The Senator, seeing my appreciation of the little verses, said:

"You see, Mrs. Slocum, this primer, as it sets forth in its preface, conveys a wholly innocuous moral easily comprehended by the weakest intellect. And you must glance at the political catechism at the back. Read the ridiculous answer to the question, *'What is the legislative power of the Government?'*

"'Answer: To pass the River and Harbor bill and partake of the "liver and lights."'

"And a little farther on: 'Q.: *What is the House of Representatives?* A.: David B. Henderson, successor to Thomas B. Reed.'

"'Q.: *How often do Congress meet?* A.: As often as they can "do" the people.'

"'Q.: *What offenses are punishable with death in the United States?* A.: Mugwumpery, peaching, and going to West Point.'"

"Oh! how absurd it all is!" I exclaimed.

"But what did you do at this dinner?"

"Well," said Senator P——, "Corbin and General Wilson were called up and hazed. They told Corbin to stand up and raise his arm as high as he could. The would-be hazer said: 'It is rumored that you have an unusually long arm and we find this rumor correct. Your arm is "Miles" long. Now, sir, turn your back to this company and show them your magnificent backbone, that they may know why you were so successful in resisting the pressure for appointments in the army in our late war.'"

"Did General Corbin turn his back?" I asked, full of curiosity to know all that had taken place.

"Oh, yes," said Robert; "he turned his back with the utmost good nature and laughed with the rest. Then General John M. Wilson was put through a mock-serious lecture, unfavorably contrasting his régime as Superintendent at West Point with the present.

"'A Court of Inquiry, sir, will look into your record as Superintendent of West Point. You are charged, sir, with not having cultivated in the cadets manliness, muscle, high spirit, or a lofty code of honor!'

"This brought down applause from the whole table," wound up Robert; then he continued:

"After Wilson sat down, all the editors present were called on, including William E. Chandler, of the Concord Monitor. When the list was announced as complete, there suddenly appeared on the scene a being who bore the most wonderful resemblance to Bryan. He came in and demanded, as editor of the Commoner, to be admitted to the list of editors. He was followed into the room by a retinue of men, each carrying a placard bearing the inscription: 'Nomination, 1904 on to 1920.' Whereupon another figure, that of Grover Cleveland, excellently made up, too, appeared and wanted to know by what right these nominations were being tendered to Bryan, as he himself had never resigned the leadership of the party. To which Bryan replied: 'I don't care. I'd rather write than be President.'

"Of course," went on Robert, "the make-ups of both Cleveland and Bryan were by two members of the club and were admirably done, and won much applause."

"Well, go on," said I, after Robert had finished.

"Then," said Senator P——, "Root was called on for a speech. And he was not subjected to any thrusts or ridicule. He made a speech that was light and witty, then grave and fraught with meaning. He eulogized Generals Wood, MacArthur and Chaffee and the American soldier, and at each name the tables rang with applause. In the course of his remarks he showed a little feeling at the criticism and fun that have been poked at General Corbin. He concluded his speech with:

"'I know that all of you present are Corbin's friends because he turned his back to you, and he has never in all his life been known to turn his back to an enemy.'"

"Well!" said I, "that was finely put, anyway. Was it well received?"

"Oh, yes," said the Senator. "Everybody applauded. After Root sat down Wu was called on to speak, but he was warned before he rose to his feet that no religious discussion would be allowed as it was against the rules of the club, and that the name of neither Confucius nor Mencius must pass his lips.

"Wu got up and with mock solemnity said that he wondered that a 'heathen Chinee' should be called on to address such a body of advanced men, but that he would undertake to do as well as he could, though he possessed neither the eloquence of Mr. Root nor the backbone of General Corbin. Whereupon he proceeded to make one of his characteristic speeches with a witty fling at every speaker who had preceded him and with sly allusions to those present that kept the tables in a roar. He made one of the best speeches of the evening, and he is by far the most popular diplomat (among men, that is) in Washington.

"After Wu sat down," continued the Senator, "Chandler was called on. He was throughout the evening addressed solely as the Editor of the Concord Monitor, never as Senator Chandler. When his name was mentioned he was greeted by the singing members of the club with seeming sincerity in the song, 'We can't tell why we love you, but we do.' And before the singers finished they gave a warning to Chandler to 'keep off the track,' which he took in good part. Chandler introduced his speech with a paraphrase of the gladiators in the ring. He

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of weekly letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.

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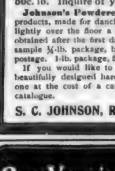

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raised his hand to an imaginary helmet and said: 'About to die, I salute you.' He made a keen, bright speech. In the course of it he paid a tribute to the sense of honor of the newspaper men in Washington, who in all his experience, he said, from 1864 to date, had never broken a promise to him as to the publication of any matter. This, he said, was not alone his experience, but that of every public man here." The Senator continued:

"At the conclusion of Chandler's speech the club chorus sang a verse with a refrain of 'Illinois,' to the tune of Baby Mine. This verse is attributed to Joe Cannon:

"'From the land of suckers many,
Illinois, Illinois,
But of statesmen few, if any,
Illinois, Illinois,
For two years there'll be a pause;
Then we'll have Young Charlie Dawes,
And won't that be a corker for us poor old boys?'

"This created no end of fun, and as soon as it subsided a stentorian voice cried out: 'Copyright by James D. Richardson, Tennessee.'"

"Didn't Mr. Depew speak at all?" asked I.

"Oh, yes. He made a speech, but Depew was overshadowed by other speakers, particularly by Tom Carter. I never heard Carter make a better or a funnier speech in my life. His speech was led up to by some one relating that old yarn that when the complexion of the Montana Legislature was made known the remark was passed about with a shake of the head:

"'So, Tom Carter's dead, eh?'

"'Of what complaint?' asked a bystander.

"'Oh, no complaint. Everybody is satisfied,' came the retort.

"So when they got around to Carter's speech he was introduced by the President thus: 'Speaking of Congressional dead ducks, we will now hear from Senator Carter, of Montana.' And Carter proceeded to make the speech of the evening. I couldn't begin to do it justice, but it sparkled with wit, good humor and keenness. At the conclusion of this speech John Allen's name was called—Private John Allen, of the House, you know, Mrs. Slocum. He is going to retire from the House because he is genuinely tired of public life. Well, he got up to speak. His manner and his drawling way of speaking are inimitable, and everybody around the tables leaned forward. He said:

"'I don't—know just what to say on an occasion like this. Most men on retiring from public life give all sorts of reasons for their retirement except the real one, and all sorts of things are said about them by others. Now, I'm not going to give my reason for going home and I'm not going to do much talking, but I am reminded of a negro preacher in my town who had to preach a sermon over a dead parishioner, and this was the sum and substance of the exhortation he delivered:

"'"Bretheren, I don' know what to say 'bout this dead son o' Galilee. Some says he was a bad man, an' then again some says our deceased brother was a good man, an' none of us can say where he's gone to; but there is one thing certain we can say of him, and that is, he's dead."'

"This of course brought down the house," said the Senator laughing, then he went on: "After this speech, William Elroy Curtis said he had a little mark of esteem to show Thomas F. Walsh, the great Colorado mine owner, and thereupon he presented a certain club emblem to Walsh with a pretended slip of the tongue. He said:

"'I wish to present to you as a "mining shark"—I beg your pardon, I mean as a "shining mark" of——'"

"Oh!" exclaimed I. "How rough you men are in your fun! I am reminded of that Englishman who was out of patience with the capers of some of his compatriots: 'You may be invited to a ball or a dinner because you can caper and tell a good story, but no one since the time of Queen Elizabeth was ever made a Cabinet Minister or Lord Chancellor for such a reason.'"

"I was in hopes," said Robert, "that they'd call upon George Ade for one of his Fables."

"Yes, so was I," said the Senator. "I was surprised, when Ali Ferrouh Bey was called upon, that he proved so little of a talker. Perhaps he was hampered by our language. He has not the gift that Wu possesses. There are very few foreigners who can handle English, particularly our American English with its quips and quirks, as Wu can. He stands unrivaled!"

"I think," said Robert, "that Hoar is a great talker. I think what he said the other day in his eulogy on Davis was very fine, when he spoke of Davis' wit being 'a spark that was never a cinder in the eye of his friend.'"

"Yes, that was a peculiarly happy phrase. By the way, Slocum, I heard your credentials read out in the Senate by your colleague, Senator ——."

"Yes, I've been 'read out in meetin',' at last. Poor Mrs. Slocum, however, did not get all there was out of it, and she came away much incensed."

"How was that?" asked the Senator, turning to me.

"Why, the Clerk read out Robert's name as 'Slawcum,' very much as though he were a cabbage. Slocum is bad enough, but Slawcum is an abomination, and probably it will continue to be pronounced Slawcum every time the roll is called for the next six years."

"Well," said Robert, "you ought to be thankful that it is to be read out at all in the Senate for six years to come. It looked at one time as though I should have a narrow squeak to pull through."

"By the way, Senator P——, what do you think of the likelihood of our having an extra session?"

The Senator knitted his brow, and said:

"Well, if there is any way to avoid it, it will be done. But there are some elements at work that are not quite get-at-able and we may be forced into it. You see; Aldrich, Lodge, Chandler and Hale, and Frye, too, are determined to bring the Subsidy bill to a vote, and everything else is being sidetracked. For instance, to-day Stewart wanted a bill passed and ran up against the objection of Lodge. A few minutes later Foraker wanted consideration for a resolution and met Hale's burly opposition. After that Berry wanted some little thing considered that would not have taken two minutes of the Senate's time, but Aldrich jumped on him. This went on all the afternoon, and finally Bard, of California, wanted to call up a measure, but ran up against a stone wall in the person of Frye, who simply announced that nothing should be considered but the Subsidy bill. By this time it was a quarter to six o'clock. So Tillman got up and said:

"'I presume, Mr. President, you will permit the consideration of dinner? I move to go to dinner.' And we went to dinner," ejaculated Senator P—— dryly.

"But," said I, "you will vote for this Subsidy bill finally, and you yourself, Senator P——, will cast a vote for it." I was contemptuous.

The Senator set his face for a moment and did not reply. After a silence he said in a light, quizzical tone:

"Have you seen anything of your fine foreign lobbyist lately, Mrs. Slocum?"

"No," said I, "and I am wondering what you did to him that day I saw you going down the marble stairway with him."

There was a swift glance between the Senator and Robert, but before I could ask a question Robert said abruptly, harking back to the question uppermost in his mind, the question of the extra session:

"I don't see how for the life of me we are going to get through all this work before the Fourth of March. The appropriations alone are enough to stagger us."

"Well, it will be a revelation to you, Slocum, to see what can be done when we begin to sit all night. With the President at the Capitol during the last hours we can put through and turn out the bills and he can sign them red-hot from the mill. The great trouble in the last of a session is to keep the quorum present in both Houses, for men get worn out and drop down anywhere they may be, in the lobbies or cloakrooms, and have to be prodded to life and dragged in to vote."

"But," questioned I, "you could not dispose of such a measure as the Subsidy bill, or this Cuban matter, in such hurried last minutes, could you?"

"No, they would be likely to be out of the way. Now this Cuban——"

I interrupted quickly:

"This Cuban matter is never to be out of the way. It has been a bee in the United States' bonnet, lo! these many years. You mark my words, that Cuba will be a part of Uncle Sam's domain yet. He's hankered for it and he's going to get it."

I wound up my philippic with the verse from the club primer:

"'C' is for Cuba,
An Isle of the Sea,
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Long while as Trustee."

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The Billion Dollar Age

This nation is now rapidly approaching the time when it will spend each year a billion dollars in the maintenance and administration of its affairs. Less than a decade ago the idea that any Congress would appropriate a billion dollars in its two years was looked upon as a wild flight of fancy. The recent Congress passed that limit by several hundreds of millions.

We have come into the age of big things. Figures that used to represent prophecies and speculations are now matter of fact in the doings of the day.

It is estimated that each citizen of the United States, whether a baby or a President, a child of poverty or a leader in society, is worth on the average $1000 to the country. On this basis the wealth of the United States to-day soars near the $80,000,000,000 mark. In reality, it is probably near $100,000,000,000.

Try to grasp that if you can! It is almost beyond human comprehension, almost inconceivable.

And to protect and guard and advance all this the nation is spending for its police force (such as the Navy and Army) and for its clerical force (such as Government officers and judges and statesmen) about $2,000,000 a day.

But that is not the main development of modern government or of modern business. The billion dollar year has been reached in capital itself. A syndicate whose capital aggregates that total has recently been organized to control the iron and steel market of the nation, and a combination has thus been formed which is without precedent in history, without a rival in any other nation of the world.

Its capital, added up in plain figures for banks and stockholders, is over a billion dollars.

Stupendous Combinations

Comparisons with the past do not and can not give an adequate idea of the stupendous advance of capital in combinations and monopolies. People of this age and generation remember the little horse car that loafed along special streets and paid small profits on the investment. To-day they behold the traction lines turning out more profits to those who own them than the greatest lottery in the olden days or the Monte Carlo of the present year.

The modern Midas hardly needs to touch anything to turn it into gold. He simply makes his investment and the money flows forth more copiously than did the water from the rock which Moses smote. Financiering of to-day seems to be an inconceivable game in which the capitalists roll gold nuggets as they might wooden balls, and make their scores with men and events.

It is an era of wonderful combinations in business far beyond the dreams of those who have been opposing such schemes through the politics of the past quarter of a century. Indeed, when the latest gigantic deal was announced, the newspapers did not seem to be able to appreciate how big it was. The people gasped over it and the House of Representatives considered a few resolutions on the subject.

Combinations and the Law

Really, there appears to be nothing that can check this tendency to form combinations. There are laws against monopolies; but monopoly increases every day.

There are certain private monopolies which it is very hard to reach, such as the control of coal oil, sugar and other necessities. The people who have the advantage of being at the head of these are reaping fortunes that distance history. They are the ones who are using their vast surplus wealth to control and to combine other great producers of money.

Why Centralization Pays

Of course, in a country like this transportation must always be one of the greatest factors in the exchange of money and in the production of profits. Not in the world is there such a network of railroads as in the United States. The mileage amounts to hundreds of thousands, the capital to billions. The men employed comprise an army greater than ever marched under any flag in the past quarter of a century. The opportunities for profits through economy and simple administration are almost boundless. It is a mathematical proposition.

If you double the length of a train and pull the double load from Chicago to New York with a smaller crew you make a large profit where otherwise there might have been a loss.

That is the sum and substance of modern transportation. President Hill, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, was its first prophet, and he showed what could be done by getting a larger load carried a longer distance at a smaller expense.

The Hard-Working Rich Men

People who are not rich but who read and think are just beginning to appreciate the fact that modern money-getting is not entirely a matter of luck, but that it proceeds from the strenuous use of opportunities and the faithful attendance to work.

Mr. John Pierpont Morgan is to-day one of the most powerful men the world has ever known. His control of money reaches farther, his word carries a more absolute command than that of almost any one else, and anything he favors wins. The popular impression is that he sits on his golden throne, issues his edicts and reaps the benefits. And yet it is said on the best of authority that, though the average Wall Street man trusts to employees, Mr. Morgan finds no detail too small for his attention, and trusts only in his judgment after a complete investigation of every fact and circumstance of the deal which he is to handle. He economizes on time and does not allow bores to waste his valuable moments. He goes straight at a thing and pursues his course to the end. Then, after reaching a decision, there is no appeal, and he begins on something else.

Take Mr. Rockefeller, or Mr. Carnegie, or any of the men who have won big fortunes and who are in the control of the monopolies. Each works more hours a day than the average clerk; the genius of each is in getting all the information possible and then deciding conclusively what is best to be done.

Of course, there is another quality in these men. Many callers who would like to sit down and discuss matters for an hour or two find them aggressive, or even rough and possibly impolite. Others who cannot reach them find them inaccessible and therefore form their own conclusions. As a matter of fact, the intensity with which they work is the explanation of their success, and they may trample upon the toes of many who stand in their way.

Profits in Fractions of Cents

It is most astonishing that trade in these days is making its enormous profits in the fractions of a cent. In one of the cities of the country there was a bank president who gave his millions for philanthropic purposes. During his life, even on the days when he was almost too infirm to walk, he would trudge sadly and brokenly to his home. One day a man met him on the street and said:

"Why don't you take the street car?"

He instantly replied: "My dear friend, do you appreciate the fact that a hundred dollars would have to work a half a week to pay that fare?"

And yet he gave two millions to a library and another million to a hospital. That is the spirit of modern money-making. On the one hand it gets the millions through the fractions of cents, and with the other it spends the millions without regard to decimals.

The Dangers of Trusts

Private monopoly is bad. No one honestly doubts that. All the specious arguments in its favor, all the private virtues and public benevolences of its leaders, all the apparent cheapening of products, cannot change the vital fact that a nation is best, safest and happiest when its wealth is widely distributed among its people and when the many are not in the power of the moneyed few.

History has established the fact beyond all cavil; and our modern experiences also show that the country prospers best when the money is in many hands.

But in this generation the trust men are making more money than at any time in all the records of the human race.

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New York—Its Present and Its Future

(Concluded from Page 9)

more rapid. Retail business always follows the population, and, that being the case, I look for change early in the century that will transfer the upper part of Sixth and Seventh Avenues, St. Nicholas Avenue, and the entire section thereabouts into a business centre. The hotel centre, too, will crowd up into that neighborhood. True, the palatial hotels of to-day are at and below Fifty-ninth Street. New York has been increasing at the rate of thirty per cent. every ten years. This increase, maintained, will give us in fifty years a population very closely approximating ten millions. Such a population will, of necessity, upset entirely all our preconceived notions.

The Progress in Municipal Architecture

In nothing has New York shown greater progress than in her architecture. We have entered on a new era in the construction of our private and public buildings. Fifteen years ago there were few, if any, cities on earth whose architecture was quite so hideous as ours. Of public buildings we had none worth speaking about except our City Hall and the famous old "Tombs," which was a beautiful example of the Egyptian style. Our domestic architecture gave us nothing to be proud of. With a few exceptions, we lived in square boxes built of brick, or, where we were very pretentious, of brownstone. The brownstone invariably peeled under our climatic conditions, and we had great rows of ugly, monotonous structures that looked as though they had some virulent skin disease. The brick buildings it was possible to keep in better shape through the liberal application of paint, but, so far as art was concerned, they were little more pleasant to the eye than the adobe dwellings of the Mexicans. Interior decoration was practically unknown.

To-day all this has changed. On upper Fifth Avenue and the side streets hundreds of dwellings have been erected that are perfect examples of high art; beautiful buildings of marble and other ornamental building stones. The sculptor, the iron-worker and the glass-worker have joined hands to produce effects that are a feast for the eye.

With our public buildings we have made even greater strides. The great library that is building on Fifth Avenue, the two museums in Central Park, the new buildings that are going up in the Bronx Park, the Columbia College buildings, St. Luke's Hospital, the Cathedral, and the other groups planned for Morningside Heights, all show that New York is preparing for her destiny as a centre of art and beauty, as well as a centre of commerce. We shall have the most beautiful, as well as the most prosperous, city on earth.

A Splendid Driveway of Twenty Miles

Even New Yorkers have, as a general thing, little idea of the change that is coming over New York in respect to its external appearance. The improvement that has been wrought by the great system of beautifully paved streets, and the cutting through of parkways and driveways, is unknown to most of our people. I wonder how many there are who know that, with the finishing of the viaduct across Manhattan Valley at Riverside Drive we have practically completed a twenty-mile driveway. As soon as the new avenue that is to connect this viaduct with the French Boulevard to the north of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street has been finished there will be a continuous stretch of roadway from Seventy-second Street and Central Park to One Hundred and Tenth Street, to Riverside Drive, to the Viaduct, to the French Boulevard, to Dykeman Street, to the Speedway, to St. Nicholas Avenue, and back to the Park. This beautiful drive, nearly twenty miles long, is lined for almost its entire length with handsome dwellings, and the pavement is the most perfect in the world.

New York's park area to-day is sufficient for any growth that she may experience. It is greater than that of any other city in America. The only additions that will probably be made to it will be in the creation of numerous small parks in the congested districts. The work is already well advanced, and will no doubt be continued. These small parks reduce the death rate, and improve the living conditions of those who most need such improvements. Their establishment will lead ultimately to the remodeling of our tenement-house system. The tenement house, as we are now situated, we must always have. The people who work for a living cannot afford the time, as a general thing, that would be lost in going to and fro between their places of labor and dwellings in the suburbs. But with improved sanitation laws and the development of the artistic sense that is taking place, we shall make the tenement of the future a model institution. The workingman's home of the twentieth century will be as much in advance of that of the nineteenth century as the nineteenth century home was an improvement over that of the eighteenth century.

I expect to see a complete revolution in the water-front of the city. This revolution has begun, and will be completed through the municipal ownership of every foot of water-front. Already New York owns most of this property, and the rest will be acquired as rapidly as is consistent with safe management. I do not look for the ornate docks of Liverpool. Our own straight, long, open docks are much preferable.

I look to see practically the entire water-front faced with enormous storage-houses, ornately built, thereby adding vastly to the appearance of the river streets, without at all interfering with their utilitarian character. New York must live and thrive on her commerce, and nothing will ever be permitted to interfere with its development.

The system of pier roof-gardens already inaugurated will be very generally extended. The piers themselves will be regularly and handsomely built of wood and iron, and this will do away entirely with the ragged appearance now presented by the city on an approach by water.

Municipal Ownership of Utilities

How far municipal ownership of public utilities will extend it is hard to say. That the city will always own her own water supply, and that she will finally own all her dockage, is certain. The people are too wide awake to permit any private corporation of the future to control even a portion of either of these two utilities. The wisdom of the public ownership of lighting and heating facilities is yet to be determined.

As to the city's owning and operating the street railways, that, as a general proposition, seems to me to be out of the question. The system under which the city controls the Underground Railroad, now building, is nearly perfect. To attempt to acquire control of the surface systems would be ruinous. Confiscation, no matter under what method it should be effected, would be robbery, and the people are too honest to permit anything of the kind. Purchase on a fair basis would mean an outlay of many hundreds of millions, and the people are too wise to sanction it.

The greatest hardship under which New York suffers to-day in her government is the crude system of taxation. Some plan must be devised by which it will be possible to throw a fair share of the public burden on personal property.

At present the personal tax is administered in a manner that is almost childish. The burden of our great public expenditures falls almost entirely on real estate, so that the property owner finds it difficult to obtain any revenue from his holdings. The assessed valuation for real estate for 1900 was $3,168,547,700. The total assessed valuation on personal property was only $485,574,493. No reasonable man doubts that the real value of personal property held in this city is many times that amount.

If this personal property could be made to bear a proper proportion of the public burden, our tax rate would fall at once to little more than one per cent. Our present tax rate, which is $2.40 on every hundred dollars, is outrageous. The rate has grown in less than ten years from $1.79 to its present figure, and, if the rate of expenditure continues, there is no telling where the increase will stop. Outlays are permitted on the most ruinous scale. Apparently all care for the well-being of the taxpayer has been thrown aside in the wild scramble to get out of them as much money as possible.

This condition of affairs is a tremendous handicap. Once it is removed, and our municipal government is run on a business basis, as it should be, New York will continue her march toward her destiny as the Empire City of the World at a rate that will fill the people of the earth with amazement.

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A Yankee Gold Mine

By John Habberton

GOLD had never been found in the quartz that abounded in a certain portion of the State of Massachusetts, but as old Squire Strayter frequently said: "That doesn't prove that there's none there. No gold was found in California till about fifty years ago, though that country had been almost three centuries under the Spaniards—the most persistent gold-hunting race that the world ever knew. Before the California dust was found, New Hampshire had a respectable place among gold-producing States; if there's gold in New Hampshire, why not in Massachusetts?"

Strayter himself had been one of the Argonauts of '49 before he came of age, and for all the years that followed he had been of the opinion that had he not been recalled to the old homestead when his father died he would have become rich through finding precious metal. In the very gulch in which he was working when the fateful black-bordered letter reached him his associates afterward found "indications" from which several fortunes were evolved. A shelf in the Squire's room, in the old farmhouse, was covered with bits of ore from that very gulch, and each piece had been handled contemplatively and often.

Like a loyal son and brother he had done his full duty on the old farm. He had married and reared a family that every one respected; he had been a good citizen, and at times a magistrate, to the entire satisfaction of his neighbors; but in his dreams by night and by day his mind went back to the California gulches, with their golden sands and rusty quartz. In the hilly country near Strayter farm there was scarcely a reddish-white ledge that had not been chipped by the little hammer which he habitually carried.

His neighbors laughed at him for his hobby; sometimes he laughed at himself, but habits strengthen with age, so, when the old man's wife had passed away and all his children except his daughter Raye, who kept house for him, had married, and the land of the farm had been leased for enough money to support the father and daughter in the simple manner to which they were accustomed, the Squire's gold-hunting fever was indulged until it became chronic. Even Raye became infected by it, and found a possible gold mine a delightful subject for her own day-dreams.

Suddenly there came to Raye and her father a week full of excitement. The Squire had previously found a thin seam of quartz that looked remarkably like some of his California specimens; he had sent some of the rock to a Boston assayer, who reported a trace of gold. By the very mail-coach that brought this report came Ethan Overford, son of one of the Squire's schoolmates who had gone West before the war and become a cattle-king and millionaire. His son had come East to purchase an estate for his father, who wished to pass his remaining days amid the scenes of his childhood.

Young Overford, who had inherited the money-making faculty, called on his father's old friend, and, with the manners of a gentleman, and also the peculiar Western quality of frankness, made himself heartily welcome. He called again to consult the Squire about desirable building sites that might possibly be purchased; then he accepted a special invitation to call the next day for the purpose of looking at the Squire's promising quartz vein, having admitted that he had dabbled with some success in Colorado gold "prospects." On the fourth day he reappeared to ask whether the Squire knew any trustworthy local stonemasons, for his father had talked of building a mansion of the rough stone of the country. He was back again in twenty-four hours to show a letter from his father. On the sixth day he again strolled out to the Strayter farm, with no excuse that he could put into words, but by that time the Squire suspected, and Raye knew, the cause of his frequent visits.

It was dreadful; it was also delightful. There had been no lack of suitors at the old farm, for Raye, besides being handsome and clever, had been a woman several years, and her father was as well-to-do as any of his neighbors. She had always said "No," never with much regret, and always on the ground that her father deserved her entire attention; but never before had an admirer come in the dress and manner of a man of the world, and with a moderate fortune of his own and another fortune in prospect, nor had any one brought into the quiet home so many reminders of the great outer world in which New Englanders above all other people are persistently interested.

Soon there came a day when, after a long political chat with the Squire, Overford suddenly and formally changed the subject of conversation by asking permission to pay his addresses to Raye.

"You're the son of an old acquaintance," said the Squire, "and 'tis plain to see that you're very much of a man, and 'tisn't strange that you should admire Raye, but I don't believe in poor men's daughters marrying rich. I've seen some cases of it, and they all turned out bad."

"But, Squire," argued the young man, "there's less difference than you imagine. I don't pass for a rich man out in Colorado. Besides, money counts only for what it buys. Your house contains more comforts and pretty things than our place on the ranch, and your daughter probably has better clothes and more refined society than my sisters have."

"Perhaps—perhaps," the Squire replied; "but young men, when they marry, don't stick to the simple ways of their parents—not if they can help it, as 'tis plain to see you can. My other gals have been as well off as the men they married; their husbands' folks and friends couldn't throw it at 'em that they hadn't anything but what their husbands gave 'em. Neither Raye nor any of her folks could ever stand that sort of talk, even if they didn't hear it, but merely knew it went on behind their backs. You're too much of a man to lose your head and heart over any one gal—even one as smart and good-looking as my daughter. There are nice gals in every set, and 'tis only fair to yourself, and to your wife that is to be, that you marry some one who's used to plenty of money and to ways of spending it."

Overford protested earnestly, though respectfully. The Squire listened kindly, but remained obdurate. As Overford walked away Raye came upon the piazza and looked reproachfully at her father.

"You overheard what was being said?" queried the Squire.

"No," Raye replied, "but I could imagine it—I had to send him to you—and he has gone without saying good-by."

"He hasn't gone far, pet, and what I said isn't going to keep him from coming here. He's a pleasant acquaintance; I wish we had more of the same kind. I hope his father and the family will come into the neighborhood; if his sisters are anything like him they'll be good company for you."

Raye did not answer, nor did her countenance change. Her father put his arm around her and said tenderly:

"You wouldn't enjoy being a poor gal married into a rich family. You've heard talk about some such gals, haven't you?"

"Yes," assented Raye, but her expression remained fixed, even after her father had kissed her.

True to the Squire's prediction, young Overford soon called again; his excuse was

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that he thought he had heard the sound of rock-blasting, and it really made him feel homesick. He found the Squire at the ledge, looking at some newly fractured bits of quartz.

"Your eyes are younger than mine," said the old man, "and you know far more of this kind of business than I do. Take this magnifying glass and see if you can find any signs."

"I can't see any free gold," Overford replied after close scrutiny; "but that proves nothing. Let me send some specimens to an assayer who has done a lot of work for me. Gold has no end of ways of hiding in rock; not all assayers find it, even when it's there."

"That Boston man found it," said the Squire, "but I've wondered about ten times a day whether I didn't accidentally get one of the little California bits with my own by mistake. I often compared them with one another."

The young man interested himself so greatly in the matter that he carried a small sack of the rock to New York within a few days, and when he returned he brought from a prominent assayer a report showing more than a trace of gold; the proportion of precious metal was very small—too small to justify working, but Overford insisted that the outlook was cheering. Said he:

"This report is so much better than that from Boston that it seems to promise richer rock as the depth increases; that's the way we should regard it if the vein were in Colorado. Why not drill farther back on the ledge, make a large blast, open up a big breast of rock, and get still another assay? I'll help you at the work, and—I shall feel justified in asking for a reconsideration if you suddenly find yourself owner of a paying gold mine."

The Squire's face wrinkled shrewdly as he drawled:

"You Western men have a marvelously practical way of putting things, and——" Then he stopped, for his heart was dancing recklessly. He half repented of his decision; for Raye's sake might the vein prove, if not a bonanza, at least a profitable producer!

Together the two men worked for several days, and the young man noted with great satisfaction that when he accompanied the Squire to midday dinner his flannel shirt and reddening complexion did not lessen the welcoming look in Raye's eyes. Near the close of the fourth day a great cartridge of giant powder was lowered into the hole, the wire of the battery was carried to a safe distance, and Overford said:

"Here's hoping! Let's shake hands on it. Now touch the button!"

The Squire's hand trembled so violently that twice his finger missed the button; but immediately after the third attempt there was a mighty roar, the earth shook, and the Squire hurried forward so rapidly that the younger man could not overtake him. Both men stopped an instant at the edge of the little cliff created by the blast; then both scrambled to the foot of it and began to scrutinize the face of the rock.

"See anything—see anything?" asked the Squire eagerly.

"There's a possibility," Overford replied. "You see the rock is not all of the same quality—these joints, where the vein has been broken for ages, and into which water has trickled and stayed, ought to show the free gold, if there is any. Have you a magnifying glass with you?"

The Squire's hand shook so that it could scarcely find his pocket; meanwhile Overford was stooping over the débris and picking up small bits of partly decomposed quartz. He took the glass, examined several specimens, and suddenly placed one of them and the glass in the Squire's hands, saying:

"Look at that!"

Quickly the Squire looked. He saw some bright specks; they were tiny, but they were yellow.

"Hurrah!" he fairly shouted. "Thank Heaven! How many dollars—how good is that?" the Squire asked. "I mean, how rich ought it to run to the ton? The grains are dreadful small."

"Yes, but if there are even two ounces of them to a whole ton of rock—two ounces of free-milling ore—you've struck a remarkably good thing, considering that it's in a country where labor is cheap, machinery and good fuel near at hand, and transportation charges almost nothing." Then Overford resumed his search, and the Squire, on his hands and knees and with his spectacles on his nose, assisted with such success that he himself

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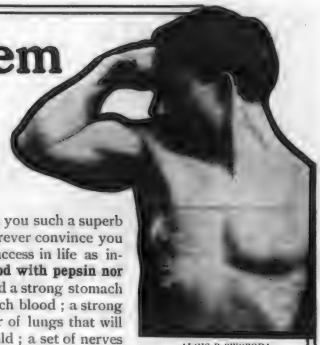

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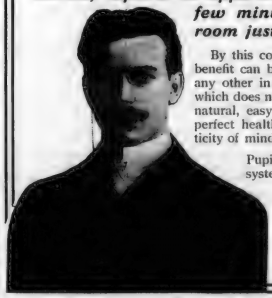

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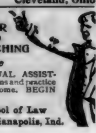

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soon found small bits of glittering ore. Suddenly he arose to his feet and said:

"I must go home—at once. Raye must know of this."

"Mayn't I go with you?" asked Overford. The Squire looked keenly into the young man's eyes an instant and replied:

"Come along! I owe much of this to you, but remember that this isn't a gold mine—not yet."

"I sha'n't take advantage of your kindness," said Overford; nevertheless, he was as happy as the Squire himself when Raye's eyes brightened over the gold and then melted as they looked gratefully and impartially at both men.

"Now, Squire," said Overford, after a few blissful moments, "business is business, and as I've had considerable experience in this line, let me offer you a little advice. You can't do anything with your find unless you've about ten thousand dollars' worth of machinery and a few thousands for working expenses. If you haven't the money, you can do one of two things—form a company and sell stock, or sell a quarter or third interest—keeping the controlling interest yourself—to men who are in the business and know how to work such a property. You're welcome to any assistance that my experience and acquaintance can give you."

"Thank you—thank you. I must accept it. Which of the two plans would be the better?"

"That of selling an interest; it's the fairest and safest way. There's never been a great gold yield from any New England mine, so bank what cash you can get, and afterward take your share of the profits. Let me take some specimens of the rock—the worst as well as the best—down to New York, and see what assays and offers I can get you. My services won't cost you anything, and—well, you know I've personal reasons for wishing you to make a fortune out of your find."

Overford returned to the ledge, collected more specimens, and hurried to the city. In three days he was back with reports by three different assayers showing a possible yield varying from eight to thirty-five dollars to the ton of rock. Still more to the point, he brought a letter which the Squire read aloud as follows:

LYMAN STRAYTER, Esq.

Dear Sir: Having seen some of the rock from your gold prospect, and having also examined the assayers' reports and consulted our old friend and customer, Mr. Overford, we are willing to invest some money in the property on condition that we shall have exclusive control of developing and operating, you to have access to the works and accounts at any and all times, either in person or by agent.

If such conditions should be satisfactory to you, we will pay fifty thousand dollars for a third interest in the mine. We have placed a certified check for the amount in the hands of Mr. Overford, the same to be given to you upon your signing papers (also in Mr. Overford's hands) specifying above-mentioned agreement.

Yours Sincerely,
QUICK & TRUETT.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" gasped the Squire, staring joyously at his daughter.

"Fifty thousand dollars," murmured Raye. "Now, you dear man, you must take a long rest and a long look at the world."

"Not I!" exclaimed the old man, whose face had become twenty years younger in a single minute. "I'll do some more prospecting at once—yes, this very day."

"Go easy, Squire; take a rest," suggested Overford, as he displayed the check, which the old man and his daughter devoured with their eyes. "Bless me! If ever I get fifty thousand dollars so easily I shall think I've done enough work for one day."

"I really do suppose, Overford," said the Squire, somewhat sheepishly, "that I'm acting like a fool, but I assure you that goldmines are scarce in this part of the world, and so are big checks. Do you advise me to accept this offer?"

"Indeed I do. Out West it's the rule to accept whatever cash can be got out of a gold proposition. All that you or any other man knows of a gold property is what is in plain sight, so take the check, sign the papers, and hope for whatever else may be got out of it."

The Squire took the check. Raye brought pen and ink and leaned over her father as he signed the agreement; then she looked gratefully at Overford—only an instant, yet long enough to make the young man ridiculously happy.

"Now, Squire," said Overford, as the old man dropped his pen and again contemplated the check, "turn about is fair play. I've helped you to open and sell your mine, so why won't you pack a few things, run out to Colorado with me, and look at a few prospect-holes of my own? A man who's smart enough to find gold in this part of New England ought to be worth millions, to me and to himself, in Colorado."

"I'd like nothing better than to be turned loose in a gold country," the Squire replied; "but I can't leave Raye."

"I didn't ask you to leave her," said Overford, looking appealingly at the girl, who quickly vanished. "Take her with you; a young woman of her sense and spirit and character would enjoy so great a change quite as much as you. Besides, I'm impatient to have her meet her prospective sisters-in-law, and my parents."

The Squire smiled quizzically as he replied:

"You Westerners are very persistent people."

"There'd be no West if we weren't," said Overford. "Returning to the previous question, however, you're rich enough now, aren't you, to allow me to try to become your son-in-law?"

"There are lots of other fine gals in the world. Sure you won't change your mind some day?"

"Not till the end of eternity."

"H'm! Well, I don't suppose it matters much what you may do then."

The Strayters went West; afterward all the Overfords came East to the wedding, but before that event the Squire had operated a little, and successfully, in mining properties, so he was once more a young man in feeling and longed to go West once more and "grow up with the country," and so returned to Colorado and worked and prospered to his liking. A few months after his daughter and her husband had returned from a long honeymoon trip in Europe, and the two men sat together one morning over their mail, the Squire remarked that the purchasers of an interest in his New England mine had not yet paid anything on account of his share of the profits.

"H'm," said Overford, absent-mindedly, his attention being engrossed by some mining reports of his own from a confidential agent, "I've never sent on the pay-rock I promised."

"Son-in-law," exclaimed the Squire, "what on earth are you talking about?"

Overford started violently. The eyes of the two men met. The Squire's glance was searching, and Overford looked uncomfortable.

"Son-in-law," continued the Squire, who had learned much of the ways of tricky dealers in mining property, "I do believe you 'salted' that mine!"

"Father-in-law," the young man replied, "I cannot tell a lie, especially after it has been detected in advance. I did salt it from the very first. The day we fired the big blast I had two pockets full of small bits of Colorado pay-ore, which had been carefully selected from a New York mine-broker's specimens to match your quartz in color and general appearance. After the blast I slyly sprinkled them where—well, where they would do most good."

"And in that way you helped me, an honest man, to swindle the firm that paid me fifty thousand for a third interest."

"Oh, no; not swindle. The buyers haven't complained, have they?"

"No, but that makes the operation no less dishonest. I must return the money," sighed the Squire. "It has trebled in my hands since I've been here, yet I hate to let the fifty thousand go."

"Don't pay it if you feel that way."

"But I must. I can't feel honest again until I've done it."

"Must, eh? Well, if you're in such a hurry about it, pay it through your daughter."

"Son-in-law," said the Squire sternly, "do you mean to tell me that my daughter was a party to that shameless fraud?"

"No."

"Then what do you mean?"

"Simply that your daughter Raye's husband was the real and only purchaser of your supposed gold mine. Quick & Truett were merely my agents."

The Squire pushed his hat to the back of his head and sprang toward Overford as if to strike him. Suddenly he dropped his hands, looked into the manly, smiling face before him and muttered:

"You're a cute one—a mighty cute one."

"Under the circumstances I had to be. Do you blame me, considering what was at stake?"

The Squire grasped both hands of his son-in-law and replied:

"God bless her! No!"

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Masters of Men

(*Continued from Page 11*)

"Why, of course," said the subdued girl; "I shall be glad to hear from you and glad to write to you." And perhaps each knew, without further compact, the kind of news each expected of the other. Dick secured his cap and they stepped into the hall.

"Promise me," she said, as she opened the inner door for him, "that you will not speak of—this—to Mabel, or—to Mr. Breen."

"Of course I won't, Bessie. Officers don't exchange confidences with bluejackets, and as for the other—we're not acquainted. Good-by, Bessie; I'll write."

"Good-by, Dick."

Her pretty face, with its pleading look not yet supplanted by the coming smile, was close to him. Obeying an impulse, he suddenly passed his arm around her waist and drew her toward him.

"Don't, please don't!" she cried as she endeavored to escape; then, helpless in his strong grasp, she remained passive while he kissed her. When he looked up he stared into the startled face of Ensign Breen, who, in citizen's clothes—high hat, well-cut top-coat and all—was standing in the outer door. Dick confusedly knuckled his forehead—his cap was on the floor—but the officer ignored him.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Fleming," said Mr. Breen as he lifted his hat, "but the bell was inside, and I opened the outer door. I am very sorry. Good-afternoon."

He turned and was gone before she could reply. Bessie sank into a hall chair.

"Here's a pretty mess," muttered Dick. "Bessie, I'm sorry; honest, I am. Who would have thought he'd have shown up?"

"I," she said, rising and pointing to the door—"I expected him. You do not know the harm you have done. Go, and do not come back. Do not write to me or ever speak to me again. I hate you."

"Well, all right," he answered humbly, picking up his cap; "I'm sorry, Bessie—that's all I can say."

But she had entered the parlor. He opened the door and passed out, with an opinion of himself that he had never held before. Down the street, just turning the corner, was Mr. Breen, stepping briskly along with the erect, graceful carriage that, somehow, is never acquired but at Annapolis and on American quarterdecks.

"Going around to call on her, I'll bet," he growled.

Humiliated and self-reproachful, burning with jealous curiosity, his moral fibre somewhat weakened, he did what at other times he would not have done. He followed the Ensign and saw him mount the steps of the large house he remembered so well. Then, in a mood which unfitted him for even his own company, he went down the street to the hotel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Stickler for Accuracy

THERE were some curious mixtures of history and anecdote in the vast amount of matter published about the new King of England. Strange to say, one of the boldest errors was made by the newspaper which is the main critic of others and the greatest stickler for accuracy.

It said that when Edward VII was born, November 9, 1841, at Buckingham Palace, the Duke of Wellington, who was at the Palace, asked the nurse, Mrs. Lily:

"Is it a boy?"

As a matter of fact, this incident occurred not on the birth of Albert Edward, but on the birth of Prince Arthur. Evidently the writer did not know his Thackeray, or he would have recalled the verses from the celebrated Lines on a Late Hospicious Ewent, as follows:

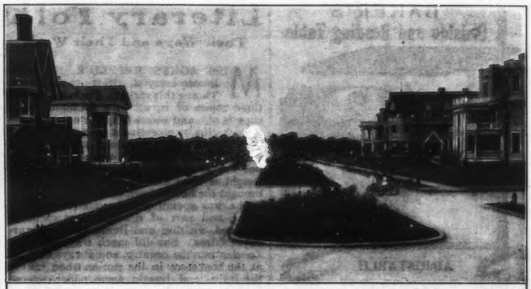
"Then Mrs. Lily, the nuss,
Toward them steps with joy.
Says the brave old Duke, 'Come, tell to us,
Is it a gal or a boy?'

"Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,
'Your Grace, it is *a Prince.*'
And at that nuss's bold rebuke
He did both laugh and wince."

Furthermore the old Duke declared:

"Egad, it's my buthday."

And there were many joyous sentences for the occasion. But really in the great mass of matter printed in these days, how many take the trouble to search out facts or dates?



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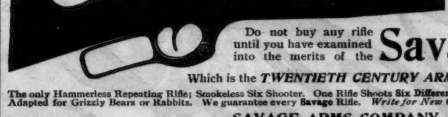

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Literary Folk

Their Ways and Their Work

MISS AGNES REPPLIER, the well-known essayist, will try to read Dora Thorne this spring. She has received three copies of it, all in a fortnight; each copy is old, and shows frequent use.

Such gifts to so eminent a literary woman as Miss Repplier seem queer; an odd choice of a book, one would say, to a woman who is not supposed to read novels of so light weight as Dora Thorne. But Miss Repplier brought the books down on herself.

She was spending last summer abroad as usual, and part of the time was spent in England, visiting and living in the picturesque shires. She did much traveling from London into the country, and always stopped at the bookstore in the station when taking the train, and bought some paper-covered book to read. In seven cases out of nine, the keeper of the store would hand her a book inscribed "By the author of Dora Thorne." This happened for weeks, and Miss Repplier became curious about the book and its author. Thereafter, every time she went into a book store, she asked for Dora Thorne.

"I haven't got the book, ma'am," was the invariable answer, "but here's one by the author of Dora Thorne."

Never during the whole summer could Miss Repplier find a copy of Dora Thorne. So she wrote an article on the subject, full of humor, describing her search, and ending by saying she hadn't the slightest idea that there was such a book. The article was published and Miss Repplier thought nothing more of it.

She arrived in America, settled down to her literary work, and among the packages of books that she opened one morning she found a torn, soiled copy of Dora Thorne by Bertha M. Clay. Remembering the article of months before, to which she hadn't given a thought since summer, she cried out in delight at sight of the ungainly little book. The postmark was from a rural town in England, and the letter with the book said that the sender had read her article and took great pleasure in sending her this actual copy of the book in question; though it was moth-eaten, it proved the point.

A few days later a package came from a town in New England. The book was Dora Thorne, and the letter apologized for sending so soiled a volume, but after reading Miss Repplier's article the writer had searched through a few trunks of old books to find this copy.

A week later a package came, marked San Francisco. "It's Dora Thorne, I know," said Miss Repplier; and it was. The sender said that she had ransacked every book store in San Francisco to find a copy, and had been rewarded by getting a second-hand one for a few cents. She had read the article, and was so interested in it that she had made the search, and, as she had been more fortunate than Miss Repplier, she asked that she kindly accept the copy.

"And now," moans Miss Repplier, "must I read Dora Thorne?"

How the Author of Ab Works

Mr. Stanley Waterloo is as individual in his literary methods as in the work which he produces. He spends his afternoons and evenings in reading and in working out his plots. The latter process is wholly mental and he seldom makes a written note. Each morning he goes to a stenographic office, in one of the busy skyscrapers, and dictates with great rapidity to an expert operator. His record is 15,000 words in a forenoon. He believes that verbal dictation gives a freedom and spontaneity of composition not to be obtained by the laborious process of long-hand, and that careful revision corrects all tendency to looseness of style.

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THE INQUIRY

The Daily and Weekly News-Democrat
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August 13, 1900.

MR. S. J. FLICKINGER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR SIR: May I ask of you a few words of advice? During the sessions of Illinois legislature I was proof reader on the Illinois State Journal. Since then have been city editor of the Huntington News-Democrat. Am acting as correspondent for Record, Globe Democrat, Sentinel and Commercial Tribune in Huntington. Am pretty well up in the mechanical details of a newspaper office. In the light of this experience and my college training do you consider it advisable for me to take a course in Murat Halstead's school of journalism while carrying my present work? If not, what is your advice? An answer when convenient will be much appreciated.
Very truly, C. HORACE KIRACOFE.

THE REPLY

The Associated Press
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

S. J. FLICKINGER, Correspondent, P. O. Box 918, 4th and Vine Streets, N. W.

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Wild Animals I Have Met

By Carolyn Wells

The Mackerel Kit

THIS funny little Mackerel Kit
Is not like other cats a bit;
She cannot mew or scratch or purr,
She has no whiskers and no fur.
Yet, like all cats, her dearest wish
Is just to be filled up with fish,
But (and this isn't so feline)
She always takes them steeped in brine.

The Spring Chicken

HERE'S the Spring Chicken. I have heard
They manufacture this queer bird
From bits of leather and of strings
All joined and worked by tiny springs.
Whenever this fine fowl is broiled,
Each of his springs should be well oiled,
Or he may spring across the room
And plunge his carver into gloom.

The Traveling Crane

THE Traveling Crane's a bird, of course,
Yet he possesses wondrous force.
A bird of burden he must be,
He lifts and pulls so mightily,
And sometimes he will grasp his prey,
And with it rise and soar away.
His plumage is not fine, but then,
He's of the greatest use to men.

The Feather Boa

THIS animal of which I speak
Is a most curious sort of freak.
Though Serpent would its form describe,
Yet it is of the feathered tribe.
And 'tis the snake, I do believe,
That tempted poor old Mother Eve,
For never woman did exist
Who could its subtle charm resist.

The Looking-Glass

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

DINAH stan' befo' de glass,
Lookin' moughty neat,
An' huh party shadder sass
At huh haid an' feet.
While she sasshay 'roun' an' bow,
Smilin' den an' postin' now,
An' de lookin'-glass, I 'low
Say: "Now, ain't she sweet?"

All she do, de glass it see,
Hit des see, no mo',
Seems to me, hit ought to be
Drappin' on de flo'.
She go w'en huh time git slack,
Kissin' han's an' smilin' back,
Lawsy, how my lips go smack,
Watchin' at de do',

Wisht I was huh lookin'-glass,
W'en she kissed huh han',
Does you t'ink I'd let it pass,
Settin' ou de stan'?
No; I'd des' fall down an' break,
Kin' o' glad t'uz fu' huh sake;
But de diffunce, dat whut make
Lookin'-glass an' man.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

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We have catalogues of both men's and women's shoes, illustrating and describing our various styles, and giving complete instructions for ordering by mail. CATALOGUES WILL BE SENT POST-PAID ON APPLICATION. You need our catalogue, if only to keep posted on the latest correct styles.

Catalogue **M** (Men's Shoes). Catalogue **Y** (Women's Shoes). Regal Shoes are delivered through our Mail-Order Department, carriage charges prepaid, to any address in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Germany, also within the limits of the Parcels Post System, on receipt of $3.50 per pair (the extra 25c. is for delivery). Samples of leather and any information desired will be gladly furnished on request.

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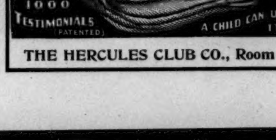

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